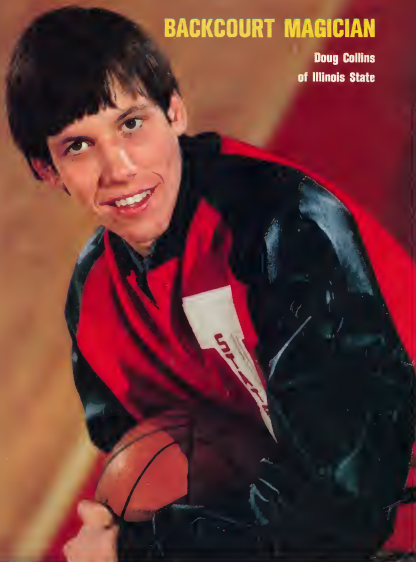


Sports Illustrated

January 19, 1975 \$4.50 US

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THEY CALL ME COACH **AS TOLO TO JACK TOBIN**

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Next week

THE NO-NAMES and the Venerable Vandals meet: Brown vs. Cronk, Grice vs. Kilmer, Taylor vs. Warfield, it's Washington and Miami. It's Super Bowl VII and Tex. Music.

SHOWDOWN TIME shows up early in the rough Atlantic Coast Conference, where two of college basketball's best, Maryland and North Carolina State, meet in a hectic week.

LET'S HEAR IT now for sweetness and light. Jack Olson brings you The Chris Schenkel Story, which demonstrates all over again that virtue can be its own reward—and then some.

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who made the Zero 100.**

**We are the Garrard Engineers
who are going to sell it to you.**

We're engineers, not salesmen.

Yet, here we are, looking out at you from the pages of this magazine, selling you the machine we made. Not because we have anything against salesmen. But because we are so involved, over-involved perhaps, with the Zero 100.

It's understandable. After seven years of computations, of planning, of drawing and redrawing, of failure after failure, we made the automatic turntable people said would never be made.

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Putting it together again



Doug Mahoney hefts model Devotee L shells into the helicopter



Nine years ago, Chevrolet gingerly airlifted one new Impala and one pretty girl some 2000 feet to the top of majestic Castle Rock near Moab, Utah, and made a TV commercial people still talk about.

Last July we did it again.

New girl, new car, same old rock.

Chances are you've seen the commercial on television. Perhaps you've wondered how we did it, and why.

The accompanying photos show you how.

As for why, well — we wanted to point out that while Castle Rock still towers unchanged over an unchanged Utah landscape, Chevrolet has changed a great deal since that first commercial was filmed.

Today's Impala, for example, is a quieter, more comfortable, smoother riding and safer automobile than the 1964 model that passed this way nine years ago.

Today's Impala is better equipped. Power steering, power brakes and automatic transmission are all standard now.

Today's Impala is better built. It has steel side-guard beams in its doors, a steel cargo guard in its trunk, and not one but two layers of steel in its roof.

Today's Impala has a long list of safety features not found in the 1964 car.

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That's one reason why Impala is traditionally worth more money at trade-in time.

That's why our Impala remains "The Great American Value" year after year.

That's why today's Impala has at least one notable thing in common with the 1964 Impala:

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1973 Chevrolet.
Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Take a second to buckle up. It could save a lifetime.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



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If he were trying out for a role in a newspaper drama, Curry Kirkpatrick would be cast as a copyboy or, with luck, a cub reporter. But despite his youthful appearance and the beachboy-blond hair, despite his passion for rock 'n' roll and his addiction to ice cream and the fact that he recently bought a house in Connecticut partly because it had a basketball key painted on the driveway, Associate Editor Kirkpatrick is close to 30 and something more than a cub. In 1972 he wrote 20 stories for this magazine, each as pungent and spicy as his first name, and for the last two year-end issues he has been chosen to write our Sportsman of the Year feature. His latest article, on college basketball's best guards (page 16), is his 11th cover story, five of them written in 1973 alone.

Basketball, golf and tennis are Curry's specialties, but he has made forays into surfing (body and board), softball and other sports to search out the "crazies." He loves to write about: tennis bad boy Ilie Nastase, basketball coaches Al and Frank McGuire, Mississippi shooter Johnny Neumann, touring softball entrepreneur Eddie Feigner, and his alltime favorite, Pistol Pete Maravich of LSU. He has covered basketball games from Nova Scotia to Hawaii as well as tennis.

in eight countries, and if there is a good game somewhere he has not been assigned to cover, be it in Morgantown, W. Va., or Logan, Utah, he is likely to show up at the press table anyway—after explaining to the guard that, no, he is not the hall boy.

As for the greasy kid stuff, Kirkpatrick has been an avid rock 'n' roll fan since his prep school days in Niagara Falls, N.Y., where the high point of his athletic career was once scoring in double figures for the varsity basketball team even though he had chicken pox. He admits to visiting Grace-land, Elvis Presley's palatial home in Memphis, and waiting around hoping for a glimpse of Elvis. He once ran into rock idols Bo Diddley and Gary U.S. Bonds in an airport—Curry the K is always in airports—and "It was the thrill of the year for me."

Still, there does not seem to be any immediate danger that SI will lose him to *Crawdaddy* or *Rolling Stone* because the college basketball season is here again and he loves it all—the flavor of the sport that he captures so well, and of course the games themselves.

"I like the college version much better than the pro," he says. "The pros are too good for me. They don't make enough mistakes. The powerful teams always win in the pros. Rules—allowing slowdowns and stalls—can equalize two mismatched teams in college."

Several years on the basketball beat have left him with some preferences and prejudices. Best pompon girl: UCLA. Best coaching: Philadelphia's Big Five. Worst referees: Hawaii. Nonest fans: at Big Five games in the Palestra. Best basketball "Anywhere there's a beach and a Boston-Robbins. But the place where it's the most fun to see a game is Marquette." How come? Because, the connoisseur explains, "Something insane always happens there."

Sack meyer

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SON OF DENVER

When last we left the 1976 Winter Games, they had been dumped by Denver (SI, Nov. 20) and only a few cities remained as possible backup sites. Nobody ever really took North Lake Tahoe and South Lake Tahoe seriously and that narrowed the choice down to Salt Lake City, which has a swell setting, and Lake Placid, which gave the world Sonja Henie in 1932. Last week the U.S. Olympic Committee settled on Salt Lake City—and Olympics fans had best brace themselves for another international embarrassment.

The bid will now be trooped off to the International Olympic Committee meeting next month in Lausanne, with plenty of indication that the IOC has heard about enough from the colonies, bicentennial or not. For one thing, some rather fancy European bidding is taking shape, notably from Innsbruck and a French Mont Blanc bloc. But even that opposition, plus the reaction that the Denver affair was ineptly handled, is not the real point.

What the USOC has again missed, in its unerring instinct for picking the wrong spots, is that Salt Lake City's bid is based on the thesis that the funding would be entirely federal. In bidding, the city did not promise any local funds because officials were sure they could not get them. Lake Placid, meanwhile, has most of the facilities already set, enthusiastic community support and the formal backing of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who allowed that New York State would come up with some money to help out.

Further, where Denver failed to get the man-on-the-street reaction until it was too late, that has already been done in Utah: The *Deseret News* polled its readers in November and came up with a 12-to-1 sentiment against the Games. A telephone poll last week found qualified support for the Olympics, but already local conservationists are rallying, ready to throw themselves in front of the first

Olympic bulldozer. And if all this doesn't throw an awful lot of cold snow on the U.S. selection, then somebody out there is just not paying attention.

TOWING THE LINE

That tabloid watchdog of the western waterways, *American Boating*, has produced the newest entry in the Let-Me-Make-One-Thing-Perfectly-Clear sweepstakes. In a roundup of boating news from hither and yon, it quotes a news release on safety procedures as follows: "Maneuvering towed skiers or persons on other towed devices so as to pass the towline to another vessel or another person being towed by another vessel is a prohibited act."

IN ARRENTIA

If your favorite football player did not make All-Something, don't fret too much. All-Teams tend to be soufflés, lovely things whipped up from a little of this, a little of that and a lot of imagination. Consider Gale Gillingham, the Green Bay Packer lineman. He made honorable mention on the UPI's All-NFC offensive team, a signal accomplishment since Gillingham played in only the first two games of the season, both on defense. Then he injured his knee, underwent surgery and was out for the rest of the year. Chuck Lane, the amiable Packer publicity man, credits Gillingham's honor to brilliant public-relations work. When people scoff, Lane asks, "How many men on your injured reserve list made an All-Pro team?"

CBS SIGNS OFF

The sale of the New York Yankees to George Steinbrenner and his associates, among them Yankee President Mike Burke, is a welcome change in baseball's ownership structure. CBS, which took over the Yankees in 1964, showed commendable restraint during its ownership, assiduously keeping a show biz, TV-ratings atmosphere out of the Yankee picture. Nonetheless, it was a bad precedent

that a television network, a major part of whose business is sports broadcasting, should own a team on whom it would inevitably have to report. Too, big as the Yankees were in baseball, they immediately became rather small fish in the vast CBS corporate pond, at best a relatively minor subsidiary of the parent corporation. That the Yankee fortunes declined with CBS taking over control is possibly a coincidence.

It is impossible to predict how Steinbrenner, Burke and Company will run the Yankees, but the fans, players and other members of baseball's brass now at least can hope for ownership they can focus on, a corporate personality instead of a wandering mote in the vast, vague, unblinking eye of the TV screen.

CASUAL COACH

Al Conover, the Rice football coach, is a highly visible individual with a decided penchant for memorable quotes and fascinating suggestions. Part of Conover's success—he moved Rice up to a 5-5-1 record last fall in his first year—may lie in his somewhat revolutionary attitude. He is the youngest head coach in the Southwest Conference and is aware of it. "Kids are looking for a new approach," he says. "When they go to college they are fired up at first about the idea of playing football. Then they go through a few practice sessions and realize it's the same old thing they went through for four years in high school." To break the monotony and gain his charges' attention before their game with Arkansas, Conover threw a chair through a dressing-room window. Inspired, or awakened, the team went forth and won 23-20. Conover also introduced a "Popsicle break" at practices, and one day wheeled in a hearse and coffin so that the team could bury the mistakes it had made the previous Saturday.

"You can go around the dormitory at 11 and make bed checks," says Conover, "but that's the old style. That's insulting a guy's intelligence. When I first started coaching it was considered a sin to give a player a drink of water on the practice field. I used to be stationed near the water supply to make sure everybody spit out the water they took in to raise out their mouths. Now isn't that stupid? Today in coaching you've got to be different in every respect to be successful."

Conover's success is still modest, but

his relations with his players seem exceptional. They address him as "Big Al," and on his 34th birthday last October they celebrated by trying to take off his trousers. He won that battle—he still possesses authority—and chances are he'll win a lot more.

RUM RUNNERS

Notre Dame fans watching Nebraska rout the Irish 40-6 in the Orange Bowl felt that what was happening on the field was a crime. In truth, the crime was happening up in the press box, which Miami police raided during the first quarter of the game. They had heard that drinking was going on, an apparent violation of a Miami ordinance barring the serving of alcoholic beverages in the city-owned Orange Bowl. After a quick search the cops confiscated two cases of rum and four of beer.

Well, now. You can do a lot of things to a newspaperman and get away with it, even to the point of sending him to jail for not revealing confidential sources. But mess around with his drinking and you have a tiger by the tail. The upshot of the outraged protests:

1) A man in the city attorney's office said he was not exactly sure if booze was illegal in the press box, which is off limits to the public.

2) Both the Miami Dolphins and the University of Miami said they had no intention of stopping cocktail parties in the privacy of the press box.

3) The police returned the rum and beer to the Orange Bowl committee.

4) Bill Colson, a member of the Orange Bowl committee, said, "Sending in shabbily dressed members of the vice squad was the crowning insult. This is one of the most crime-ridden cities in the whole country. I'd say the police had their priorities mixed."

The rum was, too. With orange juice. Delicious, the press said.

WHEELING AND DEALING

The official count is yet to come but final sales figures for 1972 should show that more than 10.5 million bicycles were sold last year. Automobile sales were 10.9 million. More than just a sign of the leisurely times, this near standoff is a landmark for bike manufacturers, who haven't outwheeled autos since Henry Ford stumbled over his first axle.

With more and more cyclists vying for their share of the road, many com-



ROBERTO CLEMENTE: DEATH OF A PROUD MAN

When Roberto Clemente was breaking into the major leagues with the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1955, Henry Aaron (left, above) had already established himself as a star and Willie Mays (center) had won a batting championship, had been named Most Valuable Player, had helped his team win two pennants and the autumn before had made one of the most spectacular catches in World Series history. Clemente was having a modest rookie season: a .255 batting average, only five home runs, only 47 runs batted in. Yet the extraordinary skills were already evident, and one day that season in New York the 21-year-old Clemente was invited to appear on a post-game interview. The announcer reviewed his playing and then, thinking to give the youngster a compliment he could savor, said "Roberto, you had a fine day and a fine series here. As a young fellow starting out you remind me of another rookie outfielder who could run, throw and get those clutch hits. Young fellow of ours, name of Willie Mays."

There was a noticeable silence. Then

the Pittsburgh rookie answered, "Nonetheless, I play like Roberto Clemente."

Such pride, such insistence that he be respected for what he was himself, was the hallmark of Roberto Clemente. He knew how good he was and it was a continuing source of irritation that it took others so long to realize what was so patently evident. During the 1971 World Series between the Pirates and the Baltimore Orioles, Brooks Robinson said, "I knew he was good, but I didn't know he was this good." Not until then, at the end of his 17th season, when a vast television audience watched as he displayed all his myriad talents in leading the Pirates to their upset victory over the Orioles, did Clemente attain the national stature he deserved.

Fate, which frustrated him for so long and was so cruel at the end, was kind in one telling way. Clemente's last hit of the 1972 season was the 3,000th of his career, and with it he joined his old rivals Aaron and Mays as the only active major-leaguers at that exalted level. And now, so soon after, he is gone.

munities have paved legislation providing for bike traffic lanes, parking facilities, rural trails and tougher safety regulations. The State of Oregon now uses 1 1/2% of the funds hitherto expended on highways for the needs of bicyclists.

Accompanying this new equality is a predictable side effect. Bike burglary is developing into a multimillion-dollar business—\$22.3 million worth were swiped in California alone in 1971.

THEY SAID IT

• Frank Shorter, America's first Olympic marathon gold medal winner since 1908, explaining why he is not surprised that

President Nixon has never called him "Football players and coaches may get culls from the President, but you have to remember that there are a hell of a lot of football fans who vote."

• Tohy Kimball, bald forward of the Kansas City-Omaha Kings: "Someday I'm going to expose the NBA. I'm really going to let my hair down—both strands of it."

• Ken Shelley, figure skater who went from Olympic competition to professional ice shows: "The Saturday matinees can be maddening. You're out there skating your heart out, and the kids are all yelling, 'Bring on the clowns.'" **END**

BUT THE SIDEWINDER WOUND DOWN

Sam Snead's funny sideways putts kept him up there in the L.A. Open but, in the end, Rod Funseth had the most fun as well as the most money

by DAN JENKINS

Normally on a slightly clear day at Riviera Country Club, in a kind of exotic land called Pacific Palisades, you can look down from one of the overhanging verandas of the clubhouse and see Glen Campbell's golf cart or a baranca where your golf ball might be heading. And if you glance to one side, you can see a layer of exhaust fumes protecting the ocean from the evils of sunlight. But last week, as another fat and happy PGA tour got started, things weren't normal. For one, the Los Angeles Open was back at Riviera instead of on the junk-food strip of Pico Boulevard, and there was heaven-sent cool and clear weather that revealed sailboats, islands and mountains. Also, for much of the tournament at least, you could gaze upon another equally rare sight—a 60-year-old man shooting sub-par scores with a putting technique that made him look as if he were paddling his boat to a spot where the catfish were biting.

It wasn't in the script, alas, that Sam Snead could hold on and go ahead and win the same tournament he had first won almost 30 years ago amid the same eucalypti of Riviera—the winning of the Glen Campbell Los Angeles Open was left to a mere 39-year-old, Rod Funseth—but Snead succeeded in so dominating the event that people must have started wondering whether golf, as athletic fare, might not fall somewhere between backgammon and country dining.

For a whole week, or right up until Sunday's finish, Snead was the best golfer in town, shooting rounds of 64 and 68 in pre-am events and then a couple of 70s and another 68 in the tournament proper, always putting with that style he describes as the sidewinder.

It was Arnold Palmer who best put

Sam in perspective. "I'm wearing glasses and not hearing so good at times," said Arnold, "and there's Sam hitting the same old great shots. Who even wants to play that good when you're 60?"

In some ways the most marvelous thing about Snead's performance was not his age but that hilarious putting stroke. Since there are not likely to be any instruction books written on it, here's the way it goes. Use a regular putter of any kind. Put the head down on the ground behind the ball to the right of the toes of your shoes, so that you're standing behind the ball. Grip the club at the top with one hand and slide your other hand down the shaft as if you're using a tape measure. Hold on firmly. Take the club back. Poke at the ball without falling forward. "I had to do something," Sam confessed last week. "On the short ones, when I tried to putt normal, I'd catch myself hitting the ball twice, and I was losing too many bets."

They call this nerves, of course, and nerves were what finally caught up with Snead on Sunday, when the event turned into a hardly thrilling contest between Funseth and Don Bies, but Sam had certainly proved that if you just want to go out and play some golf, a golden oldie who has preserved himself can still move the ball around as well as anybody.

Snead began the last round only one stroke behind Funseth, who had assumed the tournament lead with a record 65 on Saturday. The entire gallery was pulling for Sam, especially since Fun-

seth had announced that he probably would not win because he rarely ever does. "What I usually do after a 65 is go back to my normal 76," he said good-naturedly.

It was quickly evident, however, that Riviera on Sunday was going to yield only to the younger men. Snead bogeyed three holes on the front nine and thus joined Jack Nicklaus, Bruce Devlin and a few other challengers in the category known as out-of-contention. This left the first tournament of 1973 to three barely-knowns—Funseth, Bies, David Graham.

Bies, who likes to think of himself primarily as a club professional, bridled four of the first five holes and passed Funseth to become the new leader, but then, as the cynics in residence were thinking up funnies like "Things were a lot different around here when Don Bies was alive," Bies double-bogeyed the 7th hole and Funseth made a couple of birdies, giving him a two-shot lead going into the last nine. Back there he did something he had not done in seven years and something he had done only one other time in his life. He won a golf tournament. In fact, Rod Funseth, who has an funny, flattened-out type of swing and looks like the nice, wavy-haired guy who sold you a Pontiac, won with, to him, mystifying ease. He simply parred every hole on the back nine, hitting shots safely out of a rough that was more like a smooth and onto the soft greens, conditions that made Riviera play less ruggedly than usual.

Funseth did not shoot the 76 he had predicted, he shot a fine 69 for a 276

round

A course-record 85 helped Funseth win as the 60-year-old Snead faltered on the final round.





Not-so-Superman Lee Trevino missed out.

L.A. OPEN *continued*

total to wind up three strokes ahead of Bies, Graham, Tom Weiskopf and Dave Hill, all of whom tied for second. At the last hole Snead sidewinded a nice putt for a par and a closing 73, which was perhaps predictable, but everybody had to admit that a tie for seventh place wasn't bad for a guy who was too old to be doing that.

"I must be a better player than I think I am," Funseth said. "Otherwise none of this makes sense."

Funseth earned \$27,000 for his first tour victory since the 1965 Phoenix Open, and there is a lot more out there waiting for him. In 1973 the PGA tour will offer more than \$5 million in prize money, up half a million from last year. Essentially, this sum will be available to a rather exclusive group of about 100 fellows who happen to be the approved tournament players and are exempt from having to qualify for the 45 events on the new calendar.

Think about that for a minute. Eight million bucks for 100 guys who can play golf. It must astound the 100 best sink fitters or the 100 best tire changers or the 100 best fry cooks in the country.

Every year when the tour begins in Los Angeles the money is bigger and

the itinerary as exotic. The pros travel from California to Hawaii to the Florida wonderlands, all over the East and Midwest, back to the South and over and out, with sunshine, country clubs and heaps of cash at every stop.

And when it seems to the oldtimers that perhaps the thing has peaked financially, along comes a year like this one in which no fewer than 20 tournaments raised their purses, some by as much as \$75,000, and, to top it all off, a bunch of golf nuts in Pinehurst, N.C. decided to give away half a million in a single event to be played over two weekends in mid-November.

This 144-hole extravaganza is called the World Open Golf Championship and the winner gets the unprecedented sum of \$100,000. It is hard to imagine the tournament paying for itself, but that is not the point. The Diamondhead Corporation, which purchased the old relic of Pinehurst a few years ago and is in the process of rehabilitating it as a resort and "the cradle of American golf," is putting up the money but is mainly interested in selling lots.

As a side benefit, this real estate promotion gimmick will bring to the tour another of the country's great courses, Pinehurst No. 2, just as the tour took on luster when the Los Angeles Open returned to Riviera last week.

"I don't know what to say about it," said Larry Watkins, one of pro golf's new stars. "I knew it would be good out here but I never thought there'd be anything like this. For the tour to pick up a half-million tournament and have it be at a place like Pinehurst is like a dream." That it is.

Along with the sumptuous new event, the tour will be a little more orderly this year. For example, the first eight stops take care of all the celebrity types, those being the Glen Campbells, Dean Martins, Bing Crosby's, Bob Hopes, Andy Williams and Jackie Gleasons who lend their names to events.

Then come the other five Florida tournaments leading up to and following the Masters. In late April and May comes the usual three-event swing through Dallas, Houston and Fort Worth. By this time the lush courses in the East and Midwest will be ready and 1973 will find both the U.S. Open and the PGA Championship on classic oldies—Oakmont and Canterbury in Pittsburgh and Cleveland respectively.

Moreover, a number of tournaments get better dates. The American Golf Classic at Akron finally got out of late summer and into June. The Canadian Open is no longer back to back with the British Open and will be played in late July. The Heritage Classic on Hilton Head Island got away from Thanksgiving and into a mid-September slot, where it hopes to get an airing on TV. Milwaukee won't be going head to head with the British Open anymore, the Robinson Classic taking those dates, believing them to be infinitely better than the ones it had in the fall.

Along with increased purses and a more sensible schedule, however, there is one sad change—the partnership event at Laurel Valley was canceled. The tour thereby loses both a unique format and a fine course.

Los Angeles was a perfect time and place for the PGA to announce the new package. With Riviera furnishing the surroundings, the L.A. Open fairly reeked with class as well as with nostalgia for the days when most tournaments were



held on good layouts. On top of that came the cool, clear weather.

Riviera, which is situated on a wooded bluff not terribly far from the delights of Beverly Hills, has been one of the marvelous, rugged tests, falling into the category of courses that includes Oakland Hills, Pebble Beach, Oakmont, Colonial, Pinehurst, Augusta and Merion. It is an old-fashioned layout in that its greens are fairly small and the bunkering is, in places, dramatically severe. This, together with more than 7,000 yards of length, groves of tall eucalyptus and the notorious Riviera barranca, gives the course great character.

Everywhere you turn Riviera has atmosphere, from the enormous clubhouse done in a style that might best be described as neo-Prado, to a par 3 (the 6th) that has a bunker in the middle of the green, to that barranca crawling across the fairways, to the steep slope called Cardiac Hill leading to the clubhouse.

And then there's the history. Riviera was Hogan's Alley, so named because

Ben won a couple of L.A. Opens there and then took the U.S. Open on it in 1948, all in the space of 18 months. Riviera was also where Hogan made his comeback after his automobile accident in 1950, limping along to tie Sam Snead for the title, only to lose the playoff in his first competitive try after months of battling death and lameness.

Last week there was no Hogan at Riviera nor any cameras crews filming segments of *Follow the Sun*, but wondrous Sam was on hand. Here was a man who had won the L.A. Open in 1945 and had not returned to Riviera in 23 years. Here was a 60-year-old, for God's sake, going out there and shooting under par day after day after day. He has lost 25 yards from his tee shots through the years—and put about 25 pounds on his waist—but he looked unmistakably like Snead and he claimed to feel better than ever, even as he sidwinked those putts like an aging curlier.

"I've still got 20-20 vision," he said, sitting in the clubhouse, and he proved it by reading some fine print across a grill

room that younger men would have had to crawl up to in order to decipher. "It's just the yips that make me putt like I do."

Smoking and drinking have never been among Sam's habits, except for an occasional beer. He was asked if that might have anything to do with his secret for good health and continued birdies.

"I've never thought about it," he said, "but I've never thought about my age, either. I just keep playing golf and feeling good."

Snead did confess that he had smoked twice in his life. "I did some cigarette commercials once," he said. "I had to pose with those nasty things in my mouth and even drag on 'em for pictures."

Did he feel silly doing commercials for something he would never use? Did that tell him anything about America?

"They paid me," Sam laughed. "That's all I know."

Arnold Palmer knew Snead's secret even if Sam didn't.

"It's very simple," said Arnold, shaking his head. "Snead's an absolute total freak."

END

One of Riviera's marvels is a bunker in the 11th green. If the ball is on the wrong side, you may chip (and pray) or putt the long way around.



OL' PICK AND A LOT OF SLICK COMIN' ON

Toothpick-slim Doug Collins and a whole raft of clever ball handlers and shooters make up the finest class of backcourt men in some years **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



*You walked into the party
like you were walking
onto a yacht
your hot strategically dipped
below one eye
your scarf it was apricot.*

—CARLY SIMON

It is a similar entrance that Ol' Pick—as an toothpick, describing his knobby shoulders, disappearing torso, chicken legs and collapsible body—gets away with down at Barney's Caboose alongside the tracks there in Bloomington, Ill., which is outside Normal.

Improperly negotiated, such a passage might cause aggravation and behind-the-back verbal darts, turning into a disaster of sorts, but Ol' Pick brings it off nicely. Indeed, because he is totally unselfconscious, sweetly insouciant, brimming with naïveté and consumed with a certain delight in those testing moments that heroes must endure, he brings it off very nicely. Doug Collins (*see cover*) of Benton, Ill., Illinois State and the U.S. Olympic basketball team is so mad-deningly non-vain he probably won't think this song is about him.

Inside, they are all waiting. Barney's Caboose is a place with "the best find

chicken anywheres, you bet" and where "the honeys get grossed out constantly." Especially it is Pick's element.

"Thank you—thanks a lot. What's happenin'? Let's get it on now. I don't drink nothin', no like. Me and my buddies, we don't be jivin' now. Right on, right on, right on. We goes' slide off soon. I'm sellin' me some wolf tickets." Collins greets, acknowledges, questions, instructs and talks to approximately 25 people simultaneously.

In the back room there are friends, salutations and one Leonard Michael Potts. "Leonard my man, my man, my man," Collins shouts. "C'mon over here Leonard. Finest white dancer ever lived. Right, Leonard? Does the splits five times, both ways. Sideways too. Hear you been doin' some gatorin', Leonard. You not sellin' me wolf tickets now, are you? Put it on, boy."

Leonard himself is just warming up. "Ol' Pick, the Pick. It's Doug Collins," Leonard says above the music, mimicking announcers with journalistic clichés as he goes. "Look out, he's going baseline. No. Whew, it's The Torpedo Man. The Benton Blur. There he goes. Whoops. It's Doug the Jet stutter-step-



*Allen Hornsby of Ohio State
has carried the load for a
disappointing team.*

put' down the lane. I just want to say, my man, you paralyzed us tonight."

If this scene can be frozen, let it be done now, for the enthusiastic meetings of Doug Collins and his brigade of partisans in their windblown, out-of-the-way railroad town are necessarily numbered. As a child of the rural Midwest and with a familiar charm that comes from somewhere in the 1950s, *Of Pick* is really by Booth Tarkington out of *The Last Picture Show*. It seems like just the other day that he was stealing pizzas from the delivery truck outside the dorm and he still cannot tie a simple cravat, but Collins will have to move on soon. He is growing, learning more about black people and preparing himself to leave the Illinois cornfields and take his basketball into a world just learning to be paralyzed itself.

Collins' worshipful reception last week, for instance, followed a remarkable performance in a 103-98 victory over Louisiana State University at New Or-

Long Beach's Easy Ed Ratleff, four times a MVP, is quietly brilliant.



leans during which he made 24 of 39 shots and scored 57 points. Three nights later he was held to 22 by Ball State as he sat out the last eight minutes with a stomach ailment. His team lost 92-75.

As good as he is—and he may turn out to be a Jerry West all over again—Collins is only one of a handful of masterful senior guards who have taken over the college game this season. Some are shooters; others passers. Some are playing out of position; others have big names that exceed their ability. But just a passing glance at the box scores in the last month indicates that together they make up the finest group of back-court men in some time.

To begin with, there is Easy Ed Ratleff, Mr. Perfect for Long Beach, who—if Collins be West—is himself the next Oscar Robertson. Smooth and effortless, another Olympian, Ratleff has hardly broken a sweat while earning MVP awards in four different tournaments.

Recently the Philadelphia 76ers, who should wind up with the first draft choice, have been trailing Ratleff and Collins closely. They are leaning toward Collins, a decision that would send trivia buffs scurrying to remember who was the last white man to be selected No. 1 (it was Rick Barry of Miami in 1965).

Just behind the first two is Dwight (Bo Pete) Lamar, the flashy dresser and charismatic scorer for Southwestern Louisiana. Already this year Lamar has proved he can do something besides shoot. "I didn't get much pleasure leading the country in scoring," says Bo, "because I knew I could do it and I felt I had to in order to make All-America. I think I'm still the best shooter in college, but now I'm making it on other things." So far in his career down in the bayous Lamar has scored over 35 points in 38 games and over 40 in 26. If his range is not enough for the pros, his looks and threads could get him to Hollywood.

Two Eastern players who went South, Barry Parkhill and Kevin Joyce, have been inconsistent, sometimes downright bad. Both are fearsome competitors who are most effective along the baseline, but they are compelled to lead young teams at Virginia and South Carolina. Parkhill, something of an iconoclast, gets down

Richard Fuqua of Oral Roberts bombs reluctantly from 16 feet out.

Most fun to watch, says one scout, is Providence's Ernie Grigoriadis.



on himself easily but has a tendency to sparkle in the big games and the Cavs have many left. Joyce does not need the ball as much as Parkhill and he did wreck Indiana with 41 points, but he remains an enigma and that rarity—a player who may be better as a professional than as a collegian.

The sleeper of the crop could be Martin Terry of Arkansas, a 6'3" wisp who has to dodge footballs while playing in virtual isolation among the Ozarks. Terry, whose flourishing Afro "makes me feel taller," sometimes fouls nearly as much as he scores. Nobody watches him anyway. After scoring 43 points in a close loss to Memphis State at Little Rock, Terry was critical of the size of the crowd. "If 40,000 will sit in the snow for football, it looks like 6,000 could

continued

come out for basketball," he said. Pig phooey—huh, Martin?

Ernie DiGregorio of Providence does not worry about fans—just that he gets to live and play at home where his close-knit *poissonas* can follow him. Despite being just under six feet, Ernie D. has been one of the most interesting players in the land for three years. He scored 37 points against Fairfield and was the MVP of the Utah Classic. He is averaging over 10 assists and seems to have discarded the provincialism evinced in his prep-school days when he had his father bring him water and steaks from home. "Put all the guards in a box," says one pro scout, "and the one most fun to watch is Ernie D."

There are other fine senior guards scattered around the country. From Oral Roberts' Richard Fuqua, still being hounded by his mentors to fire away from 35 feet lest God get him, to Memphis State's Larry Finch, just now recovering from what appeared to be a fat attack. From Tom Inglesby of Villanova and Ted Manakas of Princeton, two wise strategians in the Eastern mold who can shoot with anybody, to little-known Gary Rhoades of Colorado State, who learned the game from his brother Harold, a paraplegic. And from Marshall's Mike D'Antoni to Ohio State's Allan Hornyak, both of whom have carried a major burden for disappointing teams.

In addition, Ron King of Florida State is out with a dislocated ankle. Henry Wilmore of Michigan, probably a true forward, is out of position. And George Karl of North Carolina, a *Kamikaze* whose best play is the run-and-smash-your-face belly flop, may be out of this world. But they could also show up high on the pro draft lists this spring. As could Duke's Gary Melchionni, the very last of the brothers and the one who, besides constantly being sick, pasty-faced and undernourished, is the most under-rated of them all. "The world has never seen the real Gary Melchionni," says his coach, Bucky Waters.

In like manner, not many had seen or known about Doug Collins either before that early September morn when millions watched him put in the two free throws that won the Olympic gold medal for the U.S. Later, his feat was denied to posterity when the game was given to Russia, but the loss has done nothing to interfere with his burgeoning reputation at home.

As a junior in high school, Collins was but 5'9", chunky and not even a starter on the Benton team. Doctors believe that the mononucleosis that afflicted him that year changed his metabolism. Whatever, he jumped to over 6'2" by the end of his senior year.

At Illinois State he has made amazing progress, becoming the best simply because he does so many things so well. He has terrific quickness both of

gentleman open to critics who believe Collins should run the offense. Up through the holidays, he also was firing even less (23 shots a game) on orders from Robinson, who wanted to get more people involved in the attack. However, it is all too obvious that the Redbirds' big men are not contributing their share (ISU has lost five of 11 games) and Collins must open up for them to win.

"I've been penetrating and then giv-



Virginia's Barry Parkhill shines in the big games while Bo Lamar (right), who sparkles all the time, is broadening his talents

foot and hand and has continued to grow, now being just short of 6'7". He averaged almost 33 points last year to finish third behind Lamar and Fuqua. Still, Collins shot only 27 times a game and, unlike more itchy-fingered marksmen, he probably was more dangerous away from the ball, for he seemed to be in perpetual motion.

This season, as last, he is on the wing for Coach Will Robinson, leaving that





ing off all season," Collins said after his 57-point outburst. "I just made up my mind to put it on the floor and go. When you feel on, you just gotta go do it. And that's no sellin' wolf tickets." ("Sellin' wolf tickets," it must be explained, is a strange little idiom that Collins uses about once every two breaths to denote crying wolf, putting somebody on or, as he says, "Givin' some dude your main bluff." No sellin' wolf tickets, then, is being honest.)

As once was the case with West, whom he consciously tries to emulate, Collins drives and shoots better off to the left than the right. And he uses the glass more and from farther out than anyone

The sleeper among the graduating guards may be Arkansas' Marvin Terry.



Kevin Joyce of South Carolina could be better as a pro than as a collegian.



since Sam Jones was banking them in for the Celtics. Robinson says the team's defense "leaves much to be desired," but Collins' favorite tribute is a personal letter from Olympic Coach Henry Iba, who complimented him on playing the best defense of anyone on the squad.

Disagreements do not get in the way of the extremely close relationship between Collins and Robinson—a white star playing under the first black man to coach on the major-college level. Early in college Collins suffered a crushing

blow when his parents were divorced. Robinson became the surrogate father and later joined with Collins' fiancée, Kathy Steger, and his "best buddy," Don Franke, to form practically a brand-new family for the shy youngster and coax him out of his shell.

"I used to be so bashful I couldn't hardly meet people in the face," Collins says in his high-pitched voice laced with country sounds and, although he was raised in an all-white town, word usages usually associated with blacks. The funky dialect, in fact, is a source of constant wonderment to his dark-skinned teammates.

"Pick's got the whole thing down," says Rick Whitlow, a sophomore guard. "Blacks on campus are leery when he comes on with 'What's happenin'?' and 'Hol' on, beether' and 'Be smooth'—stuff like that. But he's genuine and true and he's learned more about black people in the last year than most whites learn in a lifetime."

"I just want to be friends," says Collins. "I started out to understand them and communicate, but let me tell you something. They do that part better than we do. Now it's natural. They be jivin' and I be jivin' along, too."

His Olympic experience seems to have made a greater impact on Collins than anything else in his life. Perhaps it is because of where he came from and how far he has gone, his background was truly small-town and his horizons exceedingly limited. Whatever it is, he was moved deeply by the occasion and now inquires frequently of Robinson, or anyone who might know, how his former Olympic mates are doing.

During the summer Collins made such an impression on Long Beach's Ratleff that the two became fast friends and were hardly apart during the Games. "Me and Easy," Collins is fond of starting off stories to his teammates. "Me and Easy, we be roamin' the Village and here come Spitz."

The other day, after not hearing from Ratleff for weeks, Collins called him on the West Coast. "Easy, you sucker," he shouted into the telephone. "Your hand broke? You owe me a letter." As the two were finishing up, Collins admonished Ratleff to "get it together, get it on. Next year I be seein' you in the pros."

Ol' Pick, he and Easy never be sellin' wolf tickets to each other.

END

IT'S THE TOP-OF-THE-HILL GANG

One thing that will not be a major factor in Super Bowl VII is age. Despite all the to-do about the ancient and decrepit Redskins, they are really not that much older than the fresh and youthful Dolphins **by TEX MAULE**

If anyone is still buying the myth that Super Bowl VII is to be a confrontation of youth and age and that along about the fourth quarter Washington's celebrated Over-the-Hill-Gang is going to get chewed up by the ravenous young Miami Dolphins, then he must have been looking at the wrong hill. In fact, the Redskins are on top of the hill, not over it, and the chances are that on Sunday in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum they will be doing some chewing themselves—even if it is with false teeth.

Actually, age has very little to do with this game. At those positions where the

years make no real difference or where youthfulness is an asset, the Redskins come off about even, while in those areas where experience is an advantage, they may have a slight edge.

The place on the field where youth counts the most is with the men who handle the ball. Running backs require speed and agility; wide receivers need the same assets, as well as good hand-and-eye coordination. An examination of these departments shows both teams well fixed with explosive young stars.

In Paul Warfield, Miami has a wide receiver who may be the best in the busi-

ness, a man with marvelously fluid moves and with speed and hands to match. If you wanted to argue about Warfield's preeminence, an obvious alternative would be Charley Taylor, who more or less does for the Redskins what Warfield does for the Dolphins. In addition to catching the ball, both can block. Taylor may have a slight edge here but he and Warfield are generally accepted as the two best blockers among wide receivers in the league.

Against stronger competition, Taylor caught 49 passes this season to rank fourth in his conference. Warfield, who



A pair of 42s: Wide Receivers Charley Taylor of the Redskins and Paul Warfield of the Dolphins are the most dangerous pass catchers.

was hurt for several games, caught only 29 but for longer average yardage (20.9 per catch against Taylor's 13.7). Earl Morrall, the Miami quarterback for most of the season, regularly went to Warfield in desperate situations. By contrast, under similar circumstances, Billy Kilmer, the Redskins quarterback for most of the year, was just as inclined to look for Roy Jefferson as for Taylor. Jefferson caught 35 passes during the season and also is a fine blocker, giving the Redskins such strength at that position that Clifton McNeil, who led the league in pass receiving only four years ago, hardly played all season.

The Dolphins also have a former conference leader, Marlin Briscoe, sitting on the bench. He and second-year man Otto Skow play behind Warfield and Howard Twilley, who has exceptional hands and who catches the short pass well but lacks the speed to be a deep threat. Twilley and Jefferson are both 29, Warfield is 30 and Taylor is the graybeard of the group at 31.

At tight end the Dolphins start Merv Fleming, 31, who catches the ball better than most scouting reports suggest and is especially adept at hanging on to the tough pass over the middle on difficult third-down plays. Jerry Smith of the Redskins, 29, is an outstanding receiver among tight ends, with the ability to break open for a long gain. Mack Alston, a determined blocker, is only 25 and now alternates with Smith.

But if both teams' receivers are right on top of the hill, the age differential among running backs is equally negligible. Along with Larry Csonka, probably the best tough short-yardage gainer in the league, the Dolphins have Mercury Morris, always a long threat, and Jim Kick, a slashing runner who gets better the closer he comes to the goal line. But though they comprise the best set of three backs in the NFL, Larry Brown, the 5' 11", 200-pound Redskins wonder, is definitely the best one.

Oh, yes, age. All four of the above are in their mid-20s. Charley Harraway, slightly older at 28, is the other Redskins starter, but he confines most of his endeavors to clearing linebackers from Brown's path. The Redskins also have a baby back, Herb Mul-Key, who is 23 and perhaps faster than Morris.

Since both teams have good offensive lines in their primes, it becomes apparent that the age controversy really

involves only the defenses, and it is here that most of George Allen's elderly Redskins troops are found. Elderly—but hardly decrepit. And it is along the defensive line, particularly, where experience often means more than peak physique. Since he came to Washington last season Ron McDole, the 33-year-old left end, has played as well as he ever has. His cohorts range down from Verlon Biggs (29) and Diron Talbert (28) to Bill Brundige (24). In comparison, the Miami front four is much younger—Manny Fernandez being the old man at 26—but it is the Redskins' venerable vandals who should now be at the height of their abilities as pro linemen.

Miami has young, good outside linebackers in Doug Swift and Mike Kolen, both 24, but the heart of its defense is 32-year-old Nick Buoncontini in the middle. Curiously, Washington has a young middle linebacker in Harold McInton, 25, alternating with an old middle linebacker, Myron Pottios, 33—with additional experience on the corners in Jack Pardee, 36, and Chris Hanburger, 31.

The Redskins' secondary is considerably older than that of the Dolphins, with Rosey Taylor at free safety the oldest of the lot at 34. The senior citizen of the Dolphin defensive backfield, Jake Scott, is 27, the same age as Mike Bass, who is the youngest of the Redskins' secondary.

The old boys notwithstanding, Washington's secondary can boast much the same statistics as Miami's. The Redskins' tight zone permitted 133 yards per game passing, while the Dolphins gave up 124.9. Against the Redskins 50.7% of passes were completed; against the Dolphins 51.1%. And unquestionably the Redskins had better people passing (and running and blocking and tackling) against them.

Miami's regular-season opponents won a total of 70 games; Redskins opponents won 86. Only two teams on the Miami schedule were over .500, and they barely scraped by at 8-6. Washington played five games against winning clubs, and two of them were 10-4.

Moreover, while Coach Don Shula's Dolphins are undefeated, it was the Redskins who appeared to grow stronger as the season progressed. True, they lost their last two regular-season games, but that was after the team had won its division and Coach George Allen was resting Larry Brown. The two best games

Washington played all year were the playoff routs of Green Bay and Dallas.

The Dolphins have been struggling. It took a late touchdown for them to beat wild-card Cleveland 20-14, and they squeezed by Pittsburgh 21-17 even though the Steelers' starting quarterback, Terry Bradshaw, missed more than two quarters of action.

In that game the Dolphins lost starting Left Cornerback Tim Foley, which could be costly when you consider how deftly Kilmer attacked the weak spot in the Dallas defense—left cornerback. Probably no quarterback is more adept at going for the jugular than Kilmer, and he can be expected to probe the Dolphin left side early and often. Called Furnace Face because his normally florid complexion begins to glow as game time nears, Kilmer has been red-hot lately. In the two playoff games he completed 21 of 32 passes for three touchdowns and no interceptions.

Bob Griese, 27, will start for Miami instead of 38-year-old Earl Morrall. Griese was A-B-Pro last year, but was injured and missed most of the regular season; in the playoffs he worked only a couple of quarters against Pittsburgh. The Redskins players thought it was too much to expect the Cowboys' Roger Staubach to come back as a starter against them in the conference championship—and they turned out to be right. Certainly, as talented as Griese is, he cannot be expected to be in top form.

Griese does have more of an arsenal to turn to if his passing is off, however. For example, if the Redskins stop Csonka and Kick inside they may get whipped by Morris on the sweeps. If Miami manages to stop Brown, then a much greater burden falls upon Kilmer's passing.

In summary, the clear advantage seems to be with the Redskins. Miami has a slight edge in rushing, but it is offset by a Redskins defense that shut off the strong running games of Dallas and Green Bay. Washington has experience and a quarterback on a tear. Call the coaching even.

Finally, Washington scored most often during the regular season in the second and fourth quarters, when old men are supposed to be dragging. It was the young Dolphins who scored their least in the final quarter. So, who is over the hill anyway? Washington should win Super Bowl VII by at least 10 points and perhaps by as many as 21.

CONTINUED



YOU WON'T HAVE WASHINGTON TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE

Formerly a waterboy for his beloved Redskins, now a sports scribe, our author reveals what it was like to grow up under the delusion that Washington was a pro football team. But, baby, look at them now

by JOE MARSHALL

He never found Waterboy a very dignified title and occasionally he even had to admit that his was not a sacred trust. Had he arrived on the scene six years later George Allen certainly would have assured him that the way he folded T-shirts and separated socks contributed mightily toward the Redskins' quest of the Super Bowl. But this was 1966, and winning and Washington were then about as synonymous as Nixon and Democrats.

In those days there were some, like The Waterboy's father, who were able to view the two decades between 1945 and 1965 as a mere slump, rather like the one the town's baseball team had been in since the Walter Johnson era. After all, his father had been one of the 10,000 fans who had gathered at Union Station in the dawn of Dec. 5, 1937 and boarded trains bound for New York. There they had spilled boisterously out onto Broadway, and following George Preston Marshall, who was strutting in his raccoon coat at the head of the Redskin Marching Band, they had clamored up to Times Square, alerting New Yorkers to the fact that this day Washington would win its first Eastern Division title. Which it did 49-14.

By the end of 1945 Washington had played in five world championships in nine years, and children who arrived on the scene too late to view the glory on their own were raised on the tales of the mythical doings of Sammy Baugh, Cliff Battles, Andy Farkas, Dick Todd and Wayne Miller. They were told that



when Baugh first came to Washington the Redskin coach decided to test his fabled arm. "Baugh," he commanded, "on this pattern I want you to hit the receiver in the eye."

"Which eye?" inquired Baugh.

But somehow the latecomers could never quite summon the appropriate veneration. What fascinated them about those early years, perhaps because it related more closely to their own experience of the team, was that Washington had once lost a championship game 73-0. Indeed, in the first Redskin game The Waterboy ever attended, in 1954, Adrian Burk of the Eagles tied an NFL record by throwing seven touchdowns passes.

In the late '50s it seemed that Washington had one game plan regardless of opponent, field position, available talent, weather, score, state of the union or sign of the zodiac. That is, each series consisted quite simply of line plunge, line plunge, long pass, punt. Without considering the fact that this constant mode of attack eliminated all surprise, there were two basic problems. First, the Redskins had no fullback capable of producing an adequate line plunge. Second, they had no fast ends capable of catching the bomb. Given those limitations, victory was, at best, difficult. The Redskins sank toward an indefinable nadir. Which they reached in 1960 and 1961 when they won two of 26 games.

But let us return to 1966, by which time the Redskins could boast that they were in the declining years of their decline. In January of that year Edward Bennett

Williams, a minority stockholder who had become president of the Redskins in 1965, is brooding over the fate of the team in his office in the Hill Building. EBW, as he is known, had graduated first in his class at Holy Cross, first in his class at Georgetown Law, and his legal practice is second to none. Yet on Sundays when Williams takes his friends out to D.C. Stadium they would watch Williams' Redskins run into each other, miss tackles, botch blocks, drop passes, fumble handoffs and lose, lose, lose. All of which EBW, being a man accustomed to success, finds intensely embarrassing. And so now he decides to fire Bill McPeak and hire Otto Graham, a man who had competed in 10 straight championships as a player and who had frequently proclaimed to the world that he would never coach in the pros.

Thus it was that in the summer of 1966, the very same summer that The Waterboy appeared on the scene, Otto Graham arrived at the Carlisle, Pa. training site of the Washington Redskins. On the opening night of camp Graham makes it clear that the lax ways of the past will no longer be tolerated. He lays out new rules. "And that goes for everyone from the lowliest rookie to the biggest star," he says, pausing awkwardly before adding, "Jurgensen . . . he is our biggest star."

Now this being his first year in the game, The Waterboy fails to understand one of pro football's verities—the omniscience of all first-year coaches. The new man is always much more orga-

TWO DAYS before the 1940 sale game, the Redskin backfield—Frank Fitzhugh, Andy Parks, Sammy Baugh, Dick Todd—showed its stuff. Helped by the home-field advantage, Washington held the Bears to a 73-0 victory.

nized than his predecessor, which is to say he is differently organized. He is much more in command, which is to say that no one has yet figured out how much he can get away with. He teaches the players things they swear they were never taught before. His silences are ominous. And as the Redskin players talk to the press, the people in Washington come to expect an offensive juggernaut. The Waterboy begins to form a dream. He sees touchdowns in all shapes and sizes and above them all he sees the coach, raised on the shoulders of his players, fingers forming a "V" while cameras flash. The Waterboy longs for that opening Wednesday night exhibition against the Colts, when the rest of the world will get a look at these new marvels to whom each day he issues T-shirts and socks.

D.C. Stadium is packed with the faithful come to see the latest messiah work his magic against Baltimore. The din from the mob booms at The Waterboy from all sides and thrills him. The players grasp hands, slap each other on the back, exchange meaningful glances and more meaningful words: "This is it, baby . . . let's get it now . . . we're ready, babe." The crowd rises in one tumultuous whole for the opening kickoff. This is indeed it. The dream has at last come to life.

continued

At the half Baltimore leads 35-0. Otto manages to salvage a 500 record that season, slaps a game below it the next and four games below the one after that. In the course of those years Graham's enchantment wears off. The coach's gesture of approval, which is to clap his ever-present clipboard, becomes a team joke. One day the players make a bet as to how many times he will clap his clipboard. The guesses are high and practice is correspondingly astonishing. The Redskins hustle, they hit, they execute. Clap, clap, clap. Otto is amazed; he pokes Sunday's opponent. As practice nears an end one of the offensive linemen realizes he can win the wager if he can execute just four more claps. He rips off the day's last play. Clap, clap, clap. Alas, one clap short, so, turning to the beaming coach, he pleads, "Couldn't we run just one more?"

It is January of 1969 and Graham, having completed the third year of a long-term contract, is sitting in the second-floor conference room of the old Redskin offices at Connecticut and L. His first pick has been a defensive back named Pitt Lips Epps. Now, on the eighth round, with little enthusiasm, he has drafted a partially deaf blocking back from Kansas State named Larry Brown. Graham is musing over rumors that Vince Lombardi is coming to Washington. "I'll tell you what let's do," he says, coming to life

"Let's call Green Bay and offer them A. D. Whitfield for Donny Anderson. If they accept, we'll know we're hired." He laughs. The assistants do not; they have much shorter contracts.

Two blocks away, in the Hill Building, Edward Bennett Williams is not laughing either. Seated at his three-sided desk overlooking Farragut Square, he has admitted his mistake. Never again will he trust his instincts in pro football. From now on his moves will be as calculated as those he makes in a court of law, where he has defended the likes of Jimmy Hoffa, Adam Clayton Powell and Bobby Baker. With all his persuasive powers, EFW lures Vince Lombardi to Washington.

And so another introduction, Lombardi stands at a lectern in front of his squad, hand held upward so that the three diamonds in the championship ring sparkle toward the players. The lips part and the big square teeth flash in a feral expression. "Let's be winners; there's nothing like it."

For The Waterboy the dream starts again, only it is less difficult to conjure up: the picture of the coach on the players' shoulders is not imagined this time but remembered from many photographs. Only the uniforms are different. To make matters easy, though, Lombardi discards the traditional Redskin burgundy and old gold for a new red

and yellow gold creation that is hauntingly familiar. Indeed, if one substitutes green everywhere there is red and replaces the "R" on the helmet with a "G," why then Pitt Lips Epps becomes Willie Wood.

A month later, on the night of Preston Marshall's death, Lombardi sits at dinner in Duke Zeibert's Restaurant with members of the Redskins' board of directors. Slowly he begins to unburden himself. This player is not as good as everyone thinks, he says, the offensive line is slow, the defensive backs are small, and so on and so on. Finally one of his listeners, feeling a vote of confidence is needed, interrupts: "No one expects you to win the first year."

"Now wait a minute," says Lombardi straightening up. "I didn't say anything about losing." By Dec. 14 the Redskins are assured of their first winning season since 1955. Certainly now The Waterboy's dream is only a year away. Less than nine months later Lombardi dies.

On that day, Sept. 3, 1970, Bill Austin, whom Lombardi appointed head coach when he first fell ill, has the team in Tampa, preparing for an exhibition. Driving back from practice, his talk drifts to his family and the incredible costs of education. "And in a job like mine," he says, "if I go six and eight . . ." Which he does and Edward Bennett Williams immediately fires him.

EFW is brooding again. He will get the best coach that money will buy. And there he has a clue, for if anyone believes in the power of money, it is George Herbert Allen. So, for \$875,000, living expenses, travel expenses, a house, a chauffeur and car and other frills, Williams is suddenly presenting George Allen to a Washington press conference. A couple of months after that he says, "I gave Allen an unlimited expense account and he has already exceeded it."

It is draft day, three weeks after Allen has taken office, and The Waterboy, primarily because he now resides in Manhattan, is representing the Redskins in New York, which simply means that he must hold a telephone to his ear all day and announce to league officials what decisions are made at the other end of it. A job any boob could do—and made considerably easier by the fact that a few days before Allen has traded his fourth and eighth choices to the New Orleans Saints for their second-string quarterback, Billy Kalmer, and now, moments



PRESTON MARSHALL TELLS CLIFF BATTERS TO GET A COMBOY HAT LIKE SAMMY BAUGH'S



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before the drafting is to start, he has dealt his first, third and assorted other choices to the Rams for a bunch of fossils. This gambit has produced helpless laughter from the other clubs' representatives in New York.

Everyone waits for Allen to deal off the second choice, too, but he stalls owns it by the time the 15 minutes that are allotted each club for its second-round draft choice starts for the Redskins. Allen is trying to work out a trade with the Cardinals, but with about five minutes left. The Waterboy is told that if none can be made the selection will probably be Cotton Speyrer, a diminutive wide receiver from Texas. Dutifully he writes this name down on the card that he must submit when a choice is officially made. A league executive walks to his desk and says, "One minute." The St. Louis Cardinal representative, seated just in front of him, turns and says, "Tell 'em we'll give 'em Dave Williams." The Waterboy repeats that name into the phone and hears pandemonium break loose in Washington.

Then from the front of the draft room, he hears an official declare: "Washington passes in round two." All eyes turn on The Waterboy, and there are mean murmurs. Does this mean, he wonders, that Washington has blown its draft rights for the whole round? The answer to that is no, the team has just lost its place for the moment, but at the time no one in Washington answers The Waterboy's anguished plea for this information. In desperation, he hands the league official the card, and when the man in front of the room reads, "The Redskins choose Cotton Speyrer," a gasp, louder and more horrifying than the last, arises.

Finally there is life at the other end of the line. "Who is this?" asks a voice. The Waterboy has never heard before. It belongs to George Allen. "Well, listen," the voice continues, "I don't want Speyrer or Speyer or whatever his name is. Let me talk to the Cardinals." But it is too late.

Nevertheless, day after day in training camp that summer the new coach praises Speyrer. And then, as suddenly as he was selected, he is traded, along with one of those future first-draft choices, for Roy Jefferson, a big, talented wide receiver. Privately, Allen lets it be known that he has fitted the last piece in the jigsaw puzzle.



A SPELLBOUND 'NEW' SONNY JURGENSEN LEARNS FROM COACH LOMBARDI IN 1958

By mid-October of 1971 the Redskins are 4-0, the only undefeated team in the league. They practice now in the section of Redskin Park, a development near Dulles Airport that set Allen's unlimited expense account back half a million dollars. Practice is invariably a lackadaisical affair. Some of Allen's old Rams lie in the grass in brightly colored painters' hats while around and around the track on a bicycle goes Maxie Baughan, an aging red-haired line-backer in an engineer's cap. He jingles the bell on the handlebar and waves to his teammates. Out on the field George Allen is quietly talking to his defense, showing them diagrams after each half-speed play, exciting little enthusiasts, making little noise.

It is hardly inspiring, yet that Sunday the Redskins take victory No. 5 with a 20-0 shutout of St. Louis, and Redskin fans, who for years have accepted mediocrity with the same resigned smiles they wear during rival political administrations, get close to hysteria. But injuries begin to plague Washington. The Redskins play only 500 the rest of the way, and although they make the playoffs for the first time since 1945, they are immediately eliminated, extending George Allen's sorry record of never having won a playoff game.

But 1971 is not the last gasp for Allen's "old geezers." In 1972 they get even better and go 11-3, win their first

division title since 1945 and their first playoff since 1943—and Allen's first ever. The town's football fans no longer tolerate defeat, and on New Year's Eve they bellow deafeningly as Washington buries Dallas 26-3.

Moments later, in the Redskin locker room, one of the oldtimers tries to explain Allen's genius. "Take Ray Schoenke," says the veteran. "He sat on the bench all year and he had to know the plays for every line position. Last week he filled in at guard and did a great job. Now today he has to go in at tackle and do another great job. You think George Allen will ever forget that? Ray Schoenke will be on pension with the Redskins for the rest of his life."

EBW is grinning from ear to ear, hugging two friends in his enormous arms. "You know," he says, "when we were losing, everybody loved us. I'd go to league meetings and they'd say, 'Ed-d-die,' and slap me on the back and hug me. I was almost as popular as Art Rooney. Now they see me and they growl. 'Those SOB's.' Williams' smile is growing too large for his face. "They hate us," he shouts gleefully.

And as The Waterboy stands looking at the now-empty field, one image keeps returning. At the final gun on New Year's Eve, the 1972 Washington Redskins run off the field with George Herbert Allen on their shoulders.

END

BOATS OUT OF WATER

Sailing on water is one of the slowest—and most popular—forms of locomotion known to sporting man. Sailing on land is one of the swiftest. Although land sailing has been known at least since the time when Cleopatra was trimming Antony's sheets (Egyptian art tells us so), nobody put much vroom into it until California discovered the knack a few years ago. Now there are at least 500 sailors on that state's dry lakes—expanses like El Mirage, one of the photographs on these pages—and a good few in the rest of the world, as well. A small sport, true, but catching on. A man from Van Nuys claims he has clocked more than 71 mph. An editor named Chris Catwell inadvertently sailed through the automobile traps at Boreville at 48.49. Just down the lake, say land sailors, is a speed of 100 mph.

Approximately 90% of this country's land sailors ride Chibascos built in Irvine, Calif. by Frank Jayne, a 43-year-old physicist. The craft is named for a hot word of Lower California. "You don't destroy any countryside," says a Jayneite. "There are no pollutants. But you have that wonderful feeling of wind in your face."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEINHART





They resemble stunt pilots of the wing-walk era, these land sailors, as they wing over El Mirage at speeds sea sailors never know



But when they settle down on a broad reach (below) or beat to weather (right) the stunt that counts is getting ahead and staying there.







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They'll cut Joe Frazier off at the pass; it will be the Fight of the Century. The talk is big, but so is George Foreman's knockout punch

by **EDWIN SHRAKE**

SET FOR A WOOD CHOPPER'S BRAWL

In a small cold room at the back of the Boys Club in Hayward, Calif., a few miles south of Oakland, Archie Moore was taping George Foreman's hands. They were talking about Joe Frazier, the heavyweight champion.

"We're gonna cut him off at the pass, baby," Archie said. Archie was dressed with fair modesty in rose-colored trousers, a denim shirt, suspenders, a wide red tie and brown and yellow striped shoes. This was a workday, the second since Foreman had started training to fight Frazier. Foreman had on a T-shirt, shorts and red, white and blue boxing shoes. In a few minutes he would be sparring with Stamford Harris, also known as The Big Bamboo from Jamaica, out in the gym.

"Gonna . . . what you call it? *Der-zolek* him," said Foreman.

They laughed. Archie was stringing an astonishing amount of stuff onto Foreman's hands. Adhesive pads first, then yards of gauze, adhesive tape, napkins, black electric tape, more wrappings and adhesive. They are big hands to begin with. Soon they looked like stone

axes. Why all the stuff? Had the hands been hurt?

"Never been hurt and ain't gonna get hurt," Foreman said. "Down in Jamaica they won't let me lack."

A television crew from Germany had set up lights, tape recorder and camera in the room. Foreman would glance at

the men now and then and smile softly as they discussed their meter readings. At last the interviewer moved up next to Foreman, tapped on the mike and said, "George, critics say you've been brought along too easy, didn't fight the toughest. Now, suddenly . . . Frazier for the title. I have to bring this up. Joe is a different caliber from the other guys you fought. What do you have to say?"

"What you want to say about it yourself?" asked Foreman.

"Well, it doesn't necessa . . ."

"You trying to be funny?" Foreman said.

"No, I'm not trying to be funny," the interviewer said a little nervously.

"Take that back, then. Say you're sorry, you didn't mean it," said Foreman.

"I'm quoting critics, George."

"You look smart enough to be a critic. What do you think?"

"I think you're entitled to the fight," the interviewer said.

"That's the word to say," said Foreman. "I'm entitled. I earned it, and I'm gonna get it, that's all. Speak the truth."

"Here's a very confident George Fore-

manhood



AS DEEP IN HIS TRAINING, HEAVYWEIGHT CHALLENGER GEORGE FOREMAN HAPPILY TORRES OFF A NEWLY Hewn LOG

man," the interviewer said directly into the camera.

"Joe Frazier was built up the same way as George," said Archie. "He went through practically the same opponents. Where's the big difference in buildups?"

"Now Joe Frazier and me are fighting for the same position, that's all," Foreman said.

"Seriously, George . . ." said the interviewer.

"Frazier's no different from anybody else," Foreman said. "I'm gonna knock him stone cold."

Foreman went out to the basketball floor. About 50 people sat on folding chairs near a ring that had been built at one end of the gym. Archie Moore, a former light heavyweight champion, now with gray muttonchops and a comfortable stomach, followed him out with some towels and a water bottle. Archie is working for Foreman as a "technical adviser."

"Indeed I do see certain mistakes Joe Frazier makes that we can take advantage of," Archie said. "Without a doubt we will cut Frazier off at the pass and ride over the hill. George is an excellent fighter, just needs a little smoothing out, getting rid of a few chunks. Usually it's Frazier who cuts people off. But not this time. Too much dynamite here. That'll be one of the great fights in heavyweight history. vicious punching—that's the story of this fight."

Foreman moved around the ring grunting and throwing jabs. The ring creaked and boards wobbled under his 230 pounds. He danced in a big circle, and it seemed that his feet might go through the floor. Then he came over to the corner to put on his gloves. As a pro Foreman has fought at weights between 216 and 220 pounds; he intends to weigh 218 for Frazier.

"Shaved down, the machine can't help but operate good," Foreman said. "I love training, anyhow. Before my first pro fight Dick Sadler had me out chopping wood. My hands got blistered. I didn't appreciate it. But I got a check for \$5,000. You should of saw me run for that as next time." Foreman has had 37 pro fights in four years and has won 34 by knockouts. "Wasn't any of 'em I could truly say was hard," he said. "The ones I expected to be hard, like Chivalo, turned out easy. Hardest part has been getting good fights."

Sadler, who has been Foreman's man-

ager ever since George turned pro after winning the heavyweight championship at the 1968 Olympics, stood on the ring apron, timing rounds with his wristwatch as Foreman and The Big Bamboo began cuffing each other.

"Listen, this talk about cutting Frazier off at the pass, that's just a joke from the Wild West shows," Sadler said. "The last guy you have to hunt for is Joe Frazier. He don't run, he comes straight to you. That's the way we like it. George has been the aggressor in all his fights, and this time he's finally gonna reap the fruits of his labors. George has been the No. 1 contender since the Olympics, when he was waving the flag, everybody loving him. George was the golden boy and Muhammad Ali was the draft dodger. But the courts vindicated Ali, and he got the title shot. Even though George was No. 1 we felt Ali ought to have his chance. Now he's had it. It's our turn for justice. Every fight George has had has been tough. Fighting over his head all the way. Getting ready in stages. Any mishap would have cost us the title shot. That's how come we don't regard this as any different from any other fight. Except that the title is waiting for us now, but we got to win."

The Big Bamboo missed a left hook and fell to his hands and knees.

"Time!" yelled Sadler. He wiped Foreman's face while the fighter scowled down at a kid in the crowd, playing with him. "George got a lot of heat because he pitched a shutout in his first fight, a 10-rounder, against Gregorio Peralta. I'll tell you what happened. Sandy Sadler, my cousin, was working the corner, like he usually does, and after the eighth round he told George, 'This is it.' George misunderstood, he thought it was the last round coming up. There were two to go. George went to punching wild, and Peralta rolled and ducked and lasted it out. I told him, 'O.K., son, that was fine, but now you got to cook.' He said no, no, that was all, the fight was over, he was spent. But he had to fight another round, and he was wore out and didn't look good. People said George couldn't go 10 rounds."

"The next time we fought Peralta, out here in Oakland, George had him out in the fourth round and out again in the seventh, but I pulled George up. You know, this was a 15-round fight for the North American title. So in the

10th I told George it's O.K. to go knock Peralta out. George finished him. We'd shown we could go 10. I earned Peralta for that reason."

The Big Bamboo was swinging left hooks. Foreman was leaning away and blocking and pulling Harris around, showing gloves into the face as if The Big Bamboo didn't really weigh 240 pounds and have scars in his eyebrows. People on the folding chairs bent forward to watch. It was around this area in Northern California that Foreman first started boxing, only six years ago. Two years before that he had quit school in Houston's Fifth Ward at the age of 16, joined the Job Corps in response to a television commercial by Jim Brown and had been sent out to Oregon for six months and then to Pleasanton, Calif. (near Hayward) for a year. Foreman has bought his mother a house in his hometown, Houston, and owns a place in his wife's hometown, Minneapolis, but he comes to Hayward for most of his training because that's where Dick Sadler lives.

"I love working with George," Sadler said. "I've had champions, I worked with Archie and I had Sonny Liston for a while. And I had Charlie Stukes, who



MANAGER SADLER BACKS THE BIG BAG



TECHNICAL ADVISER ARCHIE MOORE, THE OLD MONGOOSE HIMSELF, WAXES TECHNICAL

lost a welterweight title bout to Curtis Cokes, and I had Freddie Little, the junior middleweight champ. Once a long time ago they sent Ali to us because of my great stable Archie was going to a fight in Dallas. We took Ali. He was just a kid, but he run me stone crazy. I prayed to get rid of him. Back home my wife said she heard we was wanted to handle Ali some more, and I started stacking clothes in my bag to leave town. Wasn't no way worth it."

Foreman was out of the ring. Sadler hurried after him to the small room at the back, where George began rapping the speed bag. Sonny Liston used to play *Night Train* while he worked. Joe Frazier listens to Otis Redding. On this dreary afternoon Foreman swatted the little bag to the rhythm of Duck Sadler, short-brim hat covering his smooth head, a sport coat flapping from his arms. Sadler was singing and doing the soft shoe to *Alexander's Ragtime Band*.

When routines were done George was laid in state, mummified in sheets on a table while people gathered around to look him over. "Hey, Pops," he said, calling to his cousin, Willie Carpenter, "bring me Tiger."

Pops rushed in with a tiny white poodle that had a blue ribbon in its hair. Foreman owns a bunch of dogs of various sorts. "I love dogs," George said. "When I call somebody a dog, it's a compliment."

Sadler says he tried to design Foreman's style after Sonny Liston for the job, Archie Moore for defense ("keeping behind that shoulder and all"). Shapes for mixing punches between the body and the head and Freddie Little for "knowing how to feet and span a guy." Of course, George is also bigger and taller than any of those fighters, is not slow and has knocked out 32 of his opponents in five rounds or less, 10 in the first round. "Ali's punches are all head shots. I rather is all left hooks," said Sadler. "George can take you out with either hand, to the head or body. A lot of people think he's a converted southpaw because he has such a strong left. He isn't, and he's knocked out just as many with his right. He don't have to wear you down, just put one on you, that's all."

The next morning Foreman and his crowd had to fly down to Los Angeles for a workout in the auditorium of the Elks Building and an appearance on the Johnny Carson show. In the Oakland airport Archie was bouncing a Ping-Pong ball, and it went into the cuff of a woman's trousers. "You some kind of a Ping-Pong champion?" the woman asked. "If I was the champ, I wouldn't of done that. A real champ don't let that go away." Archie replied Foreman walked up. George stands very straight. People who don't know who he is look at him when he strides through a lobby

with his hands in the pockets of a trench coat, his mustache and thin whiskers looking like small meat ornaments on a strong face. "I'd be just as happy if we didn't have to do this," Foreman said.

The Elks Building is in downtown Los Angeles, across the street from MacArthur Park and the big duck pond. It is an orange building, no longer containing Elks but hotel rooms instead, offices of a boxing promoter and the restaurant The Batons Castle, run by film heavy Mike Mazurki, the ex-wrestler. There is a vaulted ceiling painted with angels, much marble and stained glass and faded red velvet carpet. The ring was built upstairs in an enormous room where Foreman at once got into a discussion again with a television interviewer over the same question as before—what "the critics" say.

"You people keep asking me this question that I never fought anybody," Foreman said. "Why do you want it to be a question all the time? When I'm old and have a beard you'll still be asking—can Foreman take a punch? Can he get up off the floor when he's been hurt? Well, I never have been hurt in the ring. I don't get hit much. So maybe you'll never know the answer, because I like to make 'em all look bad, and Joe Frazier is right down the line with all the rest. He's got no style. He just comes on, and I'll know right where to find him. I've only been fighting as a pro for four years, so I think I've made a little progress, don't you?"

"I wouldn't dare say no," said the interviewer.

Foreman's progress as a fighter has been unusually fast. Within a year after he started boxing he was Olympic champion. He had a mere 25 amateur fights, including the Olympics, and lost three decisions. He is unbeaten as a pro. All of it still halfway amazes Pops, his 22-year-old cousin. Sitting on a massage table watching the interview, Pops began talking about their childhood in Houston. "I sure was surprised George became a boxer," Pops said. "He's about the last one I ever figured to do that. We used to play a game called The Boy Can't Fight, and George was usually it. I'd beat up on him. When I was nine and George was 10, my mama passed away. I had to go to Dallas to stay with my auntie. George sat on the porch and cried. We never ran with a crowd. I didn't see him again for nine years."

continued

While I was in the Army he wrote and said he'd won the Olympics. That was just amazing to me."

By now Foreman was hitting the heavy bag. Sadler was clutching the bag, and Foreman's punches landed with noisy force and keen accuracy inches from Sadler's wide-eyed face. The blows would send both the bag and Sadler back a few feet; you don't see many who can move the heavy bag like that. Liston could make it fly. As an amateur, Foreman used to work out with Liston. Sadler recalls that shortly before Foreman left for the Olympics Liston told him, "Son, after what you been doing here to the champ, you're gonna kill them amateurs."

Foreman was a little late arriving at NBC, partly because of traffic on the Hollywood Freeway and partly because of his reluctance to go there. But he was at ease and chatted smoothly and handled the let's-put-on-the-gloves routine as well as could have been expected with the guest host, Joey Bishop. George excused himself and left the show a bit early to catch a plane back to Oakland. "The limelight's not really what I live for," he said, walking through the cables and flats and coffee machines backstage. "I like to have it quiet with maybe a few friends around. I don't appreciate a lot of visitors."

He became known at the 1968 Olympics not only for winning his division but also for waving that American flag, a gesture Foreman says he didn't realize would be seen on television. Foreman's waving of the flag was interpreted as a rebuttal to the gestures of black militants. "What happened was I had on this old robe I still wear that says **GEORGE FOREMAN THE FIGHTING CHRISMAN** on the back. Doc Broadus, the man who started me to fighting, gave it to me. In the pockets I had my lucky beads and a little American flag. You were supposed to bow to the judges after each fight, and I did it, and after the finals I just pulled out the flag. People saw it and clapped, so I waved it. I didn't look at it as protest or antiprotect. It was just the way I felt at the moment. I'm not interested in politics or movements. I spend so much time trying to be a good fighter I can hardly be an intellectual."

Foreman, now on a plane, peered out the window at the lights of a string of tugs and barges below. From the stewardess he ordered a glass of water that,

continued

"What does it run on? Chivas Regal?"

A special removable ad section
with information and anecdotes
about the Super Bowl 1967-73

the arm chair quarterback



Barry Ross



ancers.
for the good life.

Who is going to win this year's Super Bowl and by what margin? Nobody, not even the preasbux pundits, can predict the score or anticipate the numerous possibilities that can influence the outcome of the game. (Three of the last four Bowl winners were underdogs.) Point is that football is a highly complex sport characterized by constant change, thrust and counter thrust—a game of attackers vs. defenders.

In their efforts to improve scoring efficiency the coaching masterminds have come up with a bewildering assortment of offensive tactics. Perhaps the biggest single innovation to change the character of the game was the introduction of the T formation. Since then the fans became accustomed to the evolution of the T with refinements such as the winged T, the slot back, the stacked I, the fly pattern, the split end and flanker, and innumerable other variations. Like the offense, the defense has changed its style to counter each innovation with new defensive alignments to contain offensive threats. Defensive teams constantly maneuver and shift positions to thwart the opposition and use such tactics as the safety blitz, the hump-and-run and the increasingly popular zone defense to protect against the long bomb pass.

On the following pages of this section are descriptions of the players who man the offensive and defensive formations and how they employ their skills and techniques to make them effective.



OFFENSIVE LINE

Probably the least noticed unit in pro football is the offensive line. It is composed of five huge men—the center, two guards and two tackles—whose job is actually defensive or, more accurately, protective. With mother-hen instincts these giants battle with determined linemen who are intent upon breaking mayhem on the quarterback and the running backs. The clash is violent but the fierce action seldom gains the attention of the spectator.

The center must be quick as well as big. After he snaps the ball on running plays his assignment is to block the middle linebacker or to crossblock a defensive tackle. On pass plays he rises up to contain linemen or blitzers trying to get to the passer. The guards have similar blocking duties but may also be required to pull out and lead the offense on running sweeps. The tackles are usually the biggest men on the offensive squad and they are faced by the biggest and meanest men on the opposing team—the defensive ends. The end charges full tilt at the offensive tackle, smashing, punching, even grabbing to get at the passer. In return, the offensive tackle bulls, hits and swings menacing arms to counter the thrust and give the passer time to unload the ball. The only time the tackle does not engage in a head-on battle is on a pitch-out to a running back. Then he pulls out to block the cornerback.

Blocking is the only satisfaction the offensive lineman ever gets. But he earns his pay if not the glory.



CHRYSLER

Built to be seen. Not heard.

Take a good look at the new Satellite Sebring Plus. We've styled it to give it a look we think a lot of people are going to like.

And things like floor silencers and steel pads to keep the street noises outside the car.

But that's only the beginning. Here's the inside story.

You know all those irritating little noises your car makes when you drive down the highway? Like windshield flex noise. Traffic sounds.

Well, we've built a car to quiet those noises. This transparent car has colored areas showing where we placed sound silencers in the new Sebring Plus. We've added special door and window seals, for example.



It all means that the Sebring Plus will be a quieter car than ever before. "Super Quiet" we call it.

If Satellite sounds like your kind of car, visit at your Chrysler Plymouth dealer's. Take a good look at our new Satellite.

Drive it, listen to the quiet, experience the new ride and the way it handles. Then decide. We don't think there's a better choice in a mid-size car.

Mid-size Plymouth Satellite

Extra care in engineering... it makes a difference.



Berry 205



A shave this close used to take guts. Today it takes gel.

Face it, with simple foam how close would you dare shave? In a recent test, 2,063 men compared Edge gel against their regular foam product. 71%* of those replying said Edge gel gave them a closer, longer lasting shave! They found that

with a gel that turns to lather they could shave as close as they liked. More comfortably (75%)* and with fewer nicks and cuts (80%)*. Because only gel lubricates that much. And Edge® is the only gel

Gel makes a difference

*More than 70% of the 2,063 replied to all 3 questions.

RUNNING BACKS

They are rated primarily on the name of their game—running. The back who carries the ball the most times for the most yardage usually gets the biggest bread and the blackest headline ink. Cleveland's Jim Brown is, without doubt, the foremost example. In nine seasons he ran 2,359 times for 12,312 yards and scored 106 touchdowns, establishing NFL records that appear out of reach of current players. In addition, he scored 20 TDs on pass plays. Despite his prowess, Brown does not rank as a full-fledged back because he was not required to do much blocking. Today's ideal running back should be able to supplement his running abilities with a desire to protect his fellow ball carrier and his quarterback. A solid runner who can crack a packed defense for valuable short yardage or pick a chink-like gap for a long gain is cherished by all coaches. But equally loved is the back who can lead a ball carrier through a hole to mop up a secondary defense or who can smother a blinding linebacker or safety bearing down on the passer.

To do his threefold job—running, pass-catching and blocking—today's offensive act backs must be durable. Most of them weigh well over 200 lbs.—up to the 225-235 lb. range. Even the speedsters, like Mercury Morris of the Miami Dolphins, scale in at 190 pounds or more. But whatever their weight the running backs must expect a fearful pounding, whether on a straight-ahead plunge or a quick flare pass.



THE QUARTERBACK

Everybody watches the quarterback. He is the keystone that anchors his team's attack. He is, in effect, the executor of his coach's testament of tactics and the caliber of his execution and direction is vital to winning football. A team with just an adequate quarterback seldom reaches the top. Winning teams are marked by superior performers on both offense and defense but the resourcefulness of the play-caller is probably the prime ingredient of success.

Quarterbacks like Starr and Unitas have proved the point time and again. But there is no set mold for the pro quarterback. He may be a precisionist like Unitas or a slick, flamboyant leader like Joe Namath. Though their styles differ, all quarterbacks must be sure-handed and able to withstand enormous pressure. Most are noted for their passing ability, but others like Tarkenton of the Vikings and Landry of the Lions have running skills to supplement their throwing threat. (Landry in 1971 was the second-leading rusher on the Lions, chalking up 530 yards on 76 carries.) But aside from passing and running the pro quarterback must be able to "read" defenses, to set up a pattern of plays against a myriad of defensive alignments. He is most valuable when he pulls off an unexpected maneuver like a screen pass or splits the seam of the growingly popular zone pass defense. One of the most enjoyable ways of watching a football game is to think along with the quarterback and try to anticipate the plays he will call.



*To anyone else, it's just a model ship.
You bought it to fill a few long winter evenings.
And it took almost two years.
Now every time you look at that ship, you
can still see your kitchen table littered with all its tiny masts,
spars, and deadeyes, still hear the drone of the late movie
as you worked on it, and know that you could
never do it again.
But in years to come, your son and his son will
be glad you did.*

*And now that you're moving it halfuxxy
across the country, wouldn't you like to know the movers
understand how much of you is built into that ship?*

*Allied Van Lines.
We move families, not just furniture.*

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GMC knows you're running on tight schedules and tight money.

To help loosen things up for you, we've just built the world's newest truck plant.

Computer automation is helping us build a whole new line of trucks that are easy to service, strong, with a long life to look forward to.

Things that can help save you money.

Example: Our new Electro-Dip process where every cab is submerged in primer, then electrically charged to draw the primer to it like a magnet.



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Result: more complete corrosion protection for extended truck life.

Or the new GMC tilting hood that's available. Benefit: fast, easy servicing. Or the new instrument gauges that come right out the front of the instrument panel in a jiffy. Result: service time reduced.

Servicing speed. Long life. Dependability. Money.

That's what the '73 GMCs are all about.

The Truck People from General Motors

WIDE RECEIVERS

One of the most exciting moments in a pro football game occurs when a quarterback drops back and unleashes a pass, sometimes well over 50 yards, downfield to a speeding split end or flanker. While the ball is in the air the receiver and the defensive back maneuver for position and the fans rise in anticipation of a catch, or an interception or deflection by the defender. If the receiver has a step on the defender and the pass is accurately thrown it is usually so long *Chariot*, because most wide receivers can break the play all the way. Bob Hayes of the Cowboys and little Eddie Bell of the Jets are noted for their ability to fly. But while speed is a desirable talent, many wide receivers depend more on *fineness* than *swiftness*. Men like Lance Alworth and Fred Biletnikoff combine agility and a variety of patterns to bewilder the secondary. Others, like the Chiefs' Otis Taylor, are sure-handed catchers who are strong enough to break tackles for extra yardage.

The wide receiver is expected to be able to catch the bomb, but he must also be adept at running slants, curl in patterns and other routes for short gains. And he must keep his eye on the ball. If he turns his head to anticipate the position of the defensive player he is likely to miss the ball. He may go through dozens of plays without having the ball thrown near him but when he is the target he can feel footsteps that can mean a defender is ready to separate him from the ball and his senses.

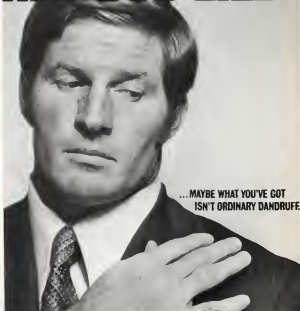


TIGHT ENDS

The tight end is aptly named, not only because he is normally lined up close to the offensive tackle but also because he is a miser. He will give you nothing and take all he can get if you don't keep your defenses zipper-sealed. Like an offensive tackle he will block with resolve to preserve his bread-and-butter backfield colleagues; he will also slip off a block and pick the defense's pocket with a pass pattern for a first down.

Because he carries the burden of double duty, many observers consider the tight end to be the most important member of the offense, except for the quarterback. To be effective in his dual role he should be big and strong for blocking purposes, yet quick and mobile for pass-catching plays. It is not unusual for tight ends to weigh 230 pounds and more, and they are normally among the tallest men on the squad. (Morris Stroud of the Kansas City Chiefs is 6' 10" and weighs 255.) Although quarterbacks like to throw to the wide receivers for long gains, they tend to use the tight end more and more in sticky situations. This is particularly true when a zone defense blankets the deep pass areas or when double coverage is employed on wide receivers. Then the tight end pops out in the medium area and uses his height to snare a pass for important yardage. The increasing value of the tight end in passing situations is borne out by the record. In 1971 the leading pass catcher in the National Conference was tight end Bob Tucker of the Giants (59 completions).

HEY BOB LILLY



...MAYBE WHAT YOU'VE GOT
ISN'T ORDINARY DANDRUFF.

That flaking and itching could be hard-hitting stuff, like early signs of eczema, seborrhea, or psoriasis. Which is why, when you use an ordinary dandruff shampoo on Tuesday, your dandruff may be back on Thursday.

Next time you hit the showers, use TEGIN Medicated Shampoo. It penetrates to the scalp to loosen and wash away flakes. Medicates the scalp to help control flaking and itching with regular use. Guaranteed relief—or your money back.





**You don't have to choose between the set you like
and the price you like.**

A bargain isn't a bargain if it's a compromise.

That's what makes our Super Shopper Days so special. We'll show you why any one of our top quality sets is a great value.

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For instance, take our seven brand new big-screen sets.

They come with many of our most

expensive features. Like designer furniture cabinets, Permo-Lock™ tuning that regulates four controls on your set at the same time. And Chromatrix™, our best color picture tube.

And we've got a whole store-full of other great values too.

In so many styles and prices you're bound to find exactly what you want.

So why settle for a good set or a good price when we can give you both.

SYLVANIA SUPER SHOPPER DAYS

GTE SYLVANIA

THE LINEBACKERS

The linebacker is usually characterized as a fierce, bone-rattling tackler. In the view of the casual spectator the popular picture of a linebacker is one of instant collision: the quarterback hands off to a burly back who heads for a hole created by his blockers; the back breaks for the gap looking for daylight and suddenly the sunshine gets blacked out by a determined linebacker who blows the fuse and causes a severe case of the "shorts"—short yardage and short cueswords. The electrician may be called Butkus or Curtis or Nobis or Lanier, but whatever name the electrocutioner goes by the man is doing his basic job. However, the linebacker's heavy-duty task of stopping the ball carrier is just a part of the multiple assignments he is required to carry out.

Aside from his bruising tackle contest work on which he thrives, the linebacker should be able to adjust to all types of offensive alignments. Like a defensive quarterback he has to "read" and react to attacking formations. Eager to close the gaps against a running thrust, he may commit himself too quickly to cover a running back who circles out into the flat or into the middle for a quick pop pass. The linebacker must have size to cope with huge offensive linemen but his speed and quickness of reaction to thwart passing plays and sweeps toward the sideline are requisites demanded by his coaches. Along with the outside linebackers, the middle linebacker serves as the anchor that bonds the whole defensive unit.



DEFENSIVE LINE

When their team has the ball in attacking situations rabid fans usually respond with a chorus exhorting their favorites to "go-go-go!" They want scoring blood. But in recent years the rousing chant has become more orchestrated to the fugue-like cadence of "dee-fense, dee-fense, dee-fense!" The fans have become knowledgeable enough to appreciate that defensive mules can force the opponents to cough up the ball and give their offensive horses an opportunity to promote scoring possibilities.

The basic unit that elicits the cries for defense is the front four—the big ends and tackles who man the first line of resistance to the attack. Whether they are known as the Purple Gang, or the Fearsome Foursome, they are celebrated for their ability to endure as well as inflict punishment. Lined up against the offensive guards, tackles and tight end, their big job is to stop the ball carrier, or at least to wipe out the blockers to give the linebackers a shot at the rusher. But they are most noticed when they put pressure on a quarterback dropping back to pass. When a Joe Greene or a Bob Lilly blows by the blockers and lays heavy hands on the passer to dump him for a loss, it's like cashing in a dividend check. It also upsets the offense something fierce. Understandably, the defensive line's rough-hewn skills are cherished by coaches. Two years ago Minnesota's Alan Page was voted Most Valuable Player in the NFL, the first lineman ever to win the award.

LAS VEGAS



No matter what kind of sport you like to tackle you'll find an all star array of action in Las Vegas. Now is the season for golf, tennis, and snow skiing under a big Nevada desert sun.

After your Las Vegas vacation you'll return to the office healthy and relaxed, and full of tall tales about your golf score. You'll have to fib about your vacation cost too . . . Las Vegas vacation rates are so low you won't look like a high roller if you tell it like it is. Visit Las Vegas after seeing the Super Bowl.



KING OF BEARDS



**This new
Schick Flexamatic
beats...
Norelco,
Remington,
Sunbeam
for closeness!**

Shaves so close,
it's even surprising
the blade moves.



Here's the proof.

The National Consumer Testing Institute, Inc. proved the new Schick Flexamatic shaves closer than today's leading electric shavers.

You see, the head is super thin and flexible. Thin, so the blades get closer. Flexible, so it follows the contours.

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Prove it to yourself.

Buy the new Schick Flexamatic today. And take advantage of the 14-day home trial offered at participating dealers.

new Flexamatic by SCHICK

THE KICKERS

The foot has played an important part of the game ever since Princeton and Rutgers started it all back in 1869. Today's footmen, the place kickers and punters, are valuable contributors to a pro team's defensive and offensive threats. The evidence is plainly spelled out in the records. In recent years the NFL has averaged over 450 field goals a season and the leading scorers are invariably the field goal kickers. It is not unusual to see a team attempt five or six FG's in one game (the record is nine) or to see attempts from beyond the 50-yard line (the record is 63 yards, by Tom Dempsey).

Except for such ageless marvels like George Blanda, most place kickers do nothing but kick—FGs, kickoffs and extra points. And more and more teams are using soccer-style kickers like the Stencrods and Yspremans. But however he boots them the kicker must boot them far, fast and accurately. On kickoffs the best defense against a runback is a toe-propelled missile through the end zone. To achieve accuracy and distance a place kicker practices over and over with the center and ball holder to get the ball away quickly and smoothly.

The punter, on the other hand, has more time to get the ball away. His principal job is to get the ball high up in the air to allow his linemen time to get downfield. Strangely, the best punter in NFL history was best known as a passer—Sammy Baugh. He has a lifetime average of better than 45 yards per punt, a record that stands unmatched.



DEFENSIVE BACKS

Looking down the roster of any pro football team you will note that the defensive backs are usually the lightest members of the squad. They usually weigh between 180 and 200 pounds but some, like Spider Lockhart of the Giants, will scale in at a mere 175. Despite their size, they make up for it by being tough. They have to be, because a defensive back can have his pride turned by a receiver who skitters by him with a fly route that results in a big gain, if not a touchdown. That's when they bump-and-cover, trying to upset a receiver's pattern, and stick like tapefoot to persuade the pass catcher that he's got a hornet on his butt.

In return, the secondary back can expect a few lumps. For example, a defender has covered his man with such success that the passer has to flip a desperation toss to a safety-valve back. The secondary backs have to recover from their defending pattern to meet the threat. Bang! 180 pounds of defender meets 230 pounds of running back and the impact can be very painful. But defensive backs learn fast that hard hits are unavoidable. They also drill constantly on teamwork to help each other. The free safety, for example, has several options because he is not ordinarily assigned to specific man-to-man coverage. He may drop back to cover a zone; he may help out in double coverage of a wide receiver or swing over to latch onto a tight end or he may cut on a blitzing rush on the quarterback. The defensive back knows that if he helps others he helps himself.



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Whole-house Air Conditioning
in the middle of winter.
Heh. Heh. Heh.**

*Typical saving this time of year. Exact saving for you depends on size of installation job at your house. But you'll save a lot, right now, at any Westinghouse dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages.



You can be sure...if it's Westinghouse

Central Residential Air Conditioning Division, Norman, Oklahoma

Try our new flavor.

Rub your fingernail here,
and sniff.



New Spearmint
Pearl Drops® polishes just
like regular Pearl Drops.

It's a gentle liquid tooth
polish invented by a dentist.

It helps get your teeth their whitest and
shiniest, and feel their cleanest.

Now in spearmint or regular flavor,
"It's a great feeling!"



SPECIAL SQUADS

Modern pro football has become perhaps the most highly specialized game in the history of sport. Coaches in charge of a 40-man squad constantly strive to come up with ideal combinations of players to execute specific tasks. They want the right man in the right position at the right time, according to his capabilities. The selective process is evident in the formation of the so-called special teams or "suicide squads" who are assigned to particular game situations. These mainly include kickoffs, punts and field goal attempts. There are other cases when special units are called in: goal line stands, onside kicks and long yardage pass plays when a lineman is taken out and a fifth secondary back is inserted to form a "prevent" defense.

Whatever the case the special units must be honed to perform with a burst of resourcefulness because in the few seconds they are on the field a potential scoring threat is involved. On kickoffs, for example, the margin of error can be as small as a goat's eyeball but just big enough to allow a receiver to slip through the opening for a long gain or a touchdown. To prevent a runback the kicking team usually tries to boot the ball into or out of the end zone, or to try a squib kick that bounces along the ground and is difficult to field. In either case the covering unit is aligned with the fastest men on the outside and the bigger men on the inside. The big men's job is to strip the wedge of blockers who



form a protective phalanx in front of the receiver. If they are successful the ball carrier is forced into heavy traffic and by the speaker covering players. Conversely, the receiving team drops off men to form the wedge to mop up blockers and spring the returning back into daylight. It is a matter of thrust and counter thrust.

On punts the duties of the special squads are a little different. The kicking team may bunch up in a tight formation to give the punter solid protection and ample time to get off the boot. Or they may spread to allow outside linemen to speed down to cover the punt return. The receiving team also has options. The linemen can put on a dash to block the punt or force the punter into a hurried kick. If they are blessed with an exceptional punt return man, the defensive unit will peel back to set up a blocking pattern for the receiver. On his part, the punt receiver must make a split-second decision on whether to field the ball or signal for a fair catch in the face of menacing tacklers bearing down on him. Some backs will take their eye off the ball to spot the defenders and this sometimes results in a disastrous fumble. But the safetyman begins to "stay" with the ball and depend on his fellow receiver to holler advice as to whether to call the fair catch or not. If the call is "Take it," when the receiver starts on his hopeful journey. But most often he gets a brutal crash after taking a few steps—most safeties average less than ten yards per return—and that's when he learns why his special mission is called suicidal.



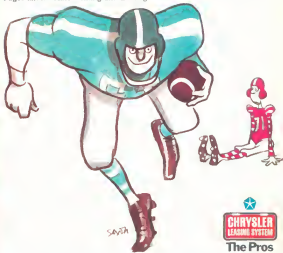
It's easy to spot a pro. In leasing as well as football.

Don't be fooled by razzle-dazzle figurework. Here's how to tell a really professional leasing company: It's big and muscular. Affiliated with a well-known auto dealership. But a fully-staffed leasing company in its own right.

It's a member of a big team. Associated with a nationwide leasing system so it can arrange service and delivery out-of-town and out-of-state.

It's experienced. It takes a pro with years of experience to get you all the advantages leasing offers, and the particular lease that offers you the most advantages.

That's exactly the kind of pro you'll find when you deal with a local member of Chrysler Leasing System. Give him a call. His number's in the Yellow Pages under "Auto Renting and Leasing."



"Nobody can beat
Wolfschmidt for
quality. It's won
33 medals that
prove it."

"That's something
to cheer about.
Cheers!"

Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka.



THE COACHES

As indicated on the preceding pages, football is an exceedingly complex sport which requires the extraordinary and diverse skills of a 40-man corps of individuals. They do their thing, whether it's running or blocking, tackling or throwing or catching, and they must do it well to survive. The man who decides on their survival and who does what and to whom is, of course, the head coach. He is the conductor who calls the tune. Sometimes the notes come out sour, other times they produce sweet victory-march music.

The figure of the coach is familiar to all TV viewers as he paces the sideline waving a rolled up chart, like the Chiefs' Hank Stram, or stands with hands in pockets like stony-faced Tom Landry of the Cowboys, surveying the scene with impassive concentration. But whatever his personality, the coach is responsible for all facets and direction of his team. He does get a lot of help from his staff. Some teams, like the Redskins and Cowboys have as many as nine assistant coaches. These men, assigned to specific instructional duties for various units of the team, constantly confer with the coach, offering information and suggestions that can influence the course of a game. Like a computer the coach digests the input and then relays his decision to the offense or defense. But he usually adheres to his game plan, using the formations that his players execute best. But the best game plan is no better or more effective than a coach's pregame instruction: "Score more points than the other team."



AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

MIAMI DOLPHINS

NO.	NAME	POS.	HT.	WT.	AGE
1	YEPEMIAN	K	8	175	28
7	LOTHRIDGE	P	6.1	200	30
11	DEI GAZZO	QB	6.1	198	27
12	DRIESE	QB	6.1	190	27
15	SCOTT	S	5.0	188	27
16	MORRALL	QB	6.2	200	37
21	KHICK	RB	5.7	184	26
22	MORRIS	RB	5.7	197	26
23	LEIGH	RB	5.7	176	26
24	FOLEY	CB	6.0	194	23
25	MUMPHORD	CB	6.10	176	25
26	GINN	RB	5.8	185	26
27	CSONKA	RB	5.7	187	26
28	ANDERSON	S	5.6	175	29
29	WARFIELD	WR	5.9	189	23
30	M-C JOHNSON	CB	5.7	196	21
31	SABB	S	5.0	190	27
32	BALL	LB	5.6	205	27
33	MATHESSON	LB	5.4	205	27
34	KINDIG	T.C.	6.5	260	31
35	POWELL	LB	5.9	200	27
36	KOLEN	LB	5.7	188	24
37	SWIFT	LB	5.3	186	24
38	JENKINS	G	6.7	245	28
39	LANGER	C	6.2	250	26
40	M. MOORE	DT	6.5	275	26
41	LITTLE	G	6.1	245	26
42	SUCHENBERG	G	6.2	218	24
43	HEINZ	OT/DE	6.6	265	23
44	OWENS	T	6.8	250	29
45	FERNANDEZ	DT	6.2	230	26
46	CRUSAN	T	6.4	250	26
47	W. MOORE	T	6.6	260	26
48	FLEMING	TE	6.4	232	30
49	TWILLEY	WR	5.10	185	28
50	STOWE	WR	6.2	184	22
51	DEN HERDER	DE	6.6	250	22
52	STANFILL	DE	6.5	250	25
53	BUDWICONTI	LB	5.11	220	31
54	BRISCOE	WR	5.11	178	24
55	MANDICH	TE	6.2	224	24

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

WASHINGTON REDSKINS

NO.	NAME	POS.	HT.	WT.	AGE
4	BRAGG	P	5.11	186	25
5	KNIGHT	K	6.2	190	29
13	HAYMOND	S	6.0	194	30
4	WYCHE	QB	6.4	218	27
17	KILMER	QB	6.0	204	32
18	R. TAYLOR	S	5.11	186	34
23	OWENS	S	5.11	190	29
25	HULL	RB	6.3	220	27
26	BRUNET	RB	6.1	205	26
29	VACTOR	CB	6.0	185	28
31	JORDAN	RB	6.1	215	27
32	HARRAWAY	RB	6.2	215	27
32	PARDEE	LB	6.2	225	36
37	FISCHER	CB	5.9	180	32
40	HOCK	RB	5.10	205	26
41	BASS	CB	6.0	190	27
42	C. TAYLOR	WR	6.7	210	30
43	BROWN	RB	5.11	195	25
44	SIVERSON	S	6.1	180	22
53	MALINTON	LB	6.2	215	25
55	HAMBURGER	LB	6.7	218	31
56	HAUSS	C	6.2	235	30
58	BURMAN	CG	6.3	255	29
60	WALBUR	GT	6.3	261	29
62	SCHOENKE	GT	6.4	260	31
64	SISTRUNK	DT	6.5	265	25
66	POTIOTIS	LB	6.2	237	31
67	TILLMAN	LB	6.2	230	26
68	FANUCCI	DE	6.4	225	27
72	TALB RT	DT	6.5	265	28
73	LAAYG	G	6.4	250	23
75	HARMELING	T	6.5	255	26
76	ROCK	T	6.5	255	30
77	BRUNDAGE	DT	6.5	270	23
79	MIDDLE	DE	6.4	264	32
80	JEFFERSON	WR	6.7	195	24
81	ALSTON	TE	6.2	210	25
85	McNEIL	WR	6.2	187	31
87	SMITH	TE	6.3	208	29
89	BOGGS	DE	6.4	27	29



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mixed with sugar, is the strongest drink he takes. He was asked if he likes fighting. "I like what I get from it," he said. "It's good as long as I'm winning. I've never experienced pain in a fight. Never, never, never. If I wasn't a fighter, I'd most likely be a businessman. I'd like to take businesses that are not up to par and build them up. I like to watch things grow. I'll get in business soon as I can. So far I've invested in myself, in the business of George Foreman."

"I like fighting right now because there's still something I haven't done yet. I want to keep fighting until I get to the top, reach the pinnacle. But Frazer and Ali, what do they have to accomplish? I saw Frazer fight Quarry. After the knockout Joe was so happy he could hardly talk. Same with Ali. After Ellis he hugged his manager like he couldn't believe it. How much water's got to go under the bridge? How many times you got to go in a gym and work on the same thing when you got nothing left to prove? The only thing Frazer could be fighting for now is money, and that ain't enough of an edge to keep a man going. You get hurt fighting just for money. You never get hurt fighting for pride and achievement."

He was reminded that he will collect \$375,000 for the fight in Jamaica. "Oh, I know it. That's real nice," he said, smiling. "But money is the least of things. It comes and goes. Pride and respectability and association with friends, those stay. There's more at stake in any sport than just money. Fighting just for money, you start getting all knocked down and bloodied up. I don't want to represent the sport like that."

As a fighter Foreman says he has been influenced by Joe Louis and Liston. "Whenever I've had an impressive victory, I would somehow imitate Joe Louis with his punching combinations and Sonny with the way he sets you up with jabs. I watch old fight movies. Other night I saw Jersey Joe Walcott holding his hands low, doing moves that people now think Ali thought up and called the Ali Shuffle. There's nothing new in boxing. It's a matter of taking what you like and using it. But people always think when a good champion comes along he can't be beat. They thought Liston was invincible. They thought Ali couldn't lose. Now they think the same thing about Frazer. Well, he's only a man, and a man's gonna fall."

continued

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WOOD CHOPPER'S BRAWL

Foreman's many one-round knock-outs clearly interest him. "It's hard to knock out a guy who's fresh. You don't catch him off balance. But I like to go out and pop-pop-pop. Tell you the truth, I'm impressed with myself equally with both hands. But it ain't really me I'm trying to impress in this world. Most of all I guess it's my mother Nancy and my wife Adrienne. I met her on a blind date two years ago. It's hard being away from Adrienne so much. A few weeks ago I flew to Minneapolis to see her for one day. Hadn't seen her for a month before that. Won't see her again until after the Frazier fight. But it's got to be done. Be by myself while I train. In the end it'll be worth it to us."

This January is an extraordinary month for Foreman. Adrienne's first baby, a girl, was born on Sunday. His 34th birthday is Jan. 10. And on Jan. 22 Foreman climbs into the ring with Joe Frazier. Many think of this fight as a warmup for the Frazier-Alì rematch, the next Fight of the Century, the multimillion-dollar punchurama. Foreman doesn't look at it that way. Those critics he doesn't like have said that he is slow, ponderous and even clumsy. He is big, but in his training he was never slow, and he hit with an impact his record has always suggested. He believes—and there are powerful reasons to agree with him—that he will beat Frazier and assume the leading role in the spectacle himself.

"I'm worried none," Foreman said. "I thought I would be, but I'm not. Last couple of times I saw Joe fight, he'd got to the point where he was just looking for that one good punch. It's the matter of a blind man trying to get somewhere. Keeps tapping his stick around. Soon as he puts his stick where he wants it to be, he's homebound. But I ain't gonna be waiting while he's tapping. I'll be punching. If I throw 10 punches in a row, I'll get him with six. Can't anybody stand up to that."

People were coming along the aisle to get Foreman's autograph, and he was signing in good humor on business cards, bags for air sickness, ticket envelopes. "Frazier has dined with kings and presidents, and now he's got to leave it," he said. "Nobody should keep the championship more than three or four years. A real champion should never have to be beaten. My goal is to retire undefeated. Lots of guys say that, but when

they get the title they think it belongs to them and don't know when to give it up. The title doesn't belong to anybody on a permanent basis. You just hold it for a while and then you lose it to time or to somebody. Joe Frazier doesn't represent himself poorly. He carries himself in a good manner. But he's through with the title. A man shouldn't be an athlete after the age of 27. You got no business getting up in the morning and sweating and running down the street at that age. After a certain age it's good to keep your body in shape, but you ought to be more stable-minded than an athlete."

Foreman asked for another glass of water, grinned at Pops and tickled the ear of the sleeping Big Bamboozie, who swatted himself. George said he always has a plan when he goes into the ring, how to move, what punches are effective, how to dominate the other man's mind. "The plan usually works," he said. He grinned again. "If it don't, I resort to brutality."

The signal rang in the airplane for the landing in Oakland, and the warning lights came on.

"There's one thing I'll never do after I retire as champion," Foreman said. "I'll never compete with anybody again. Maybe a little in business, but not like you got to do as an athlete, or in show business or even to get a taxicab in New York. Man, they put you in a bag if you're a gentleman in New York. Show business and boxing are both a lot of ego. A guy's not the same one day as he is the next. Got too much ego going on."

The plane came down in Oakland in the rain. Foreman hurried across the wet concrete into the lobby he had walked out of 13 hours earlier that day. Sadler, who had been asleep, went searching for the car. People walking past looked curiously at Foreman, knowing he was somebody special, perhaps a visiting Ethiopian prince.

"But now I've been so happy about this. The opportunity," he said. "Sometimes I'll be walking and think about what'll happen when I knock Frazier out. That thrill, that big thrill! Not many men can have that thrill of standing in the middle of the ring as the new champion. And I can do it. It's amazing for me to tell myself that. Be the top. The very top at that moment. Just at that moment. That's the moment I'm looking for."

ENO

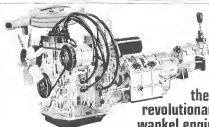
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SPORTS

PEOPLE

Dave Edwards is the least published of the Dallas Cowboy linemen, and a writer for the *Dallas News* decided to do something about it. He called the Edwards home and Edwards' wife Gail took down his number, promising that her husband would call back. A couple of weeks later the writer asked Edwards why he had not returned the call. "My wife wrote down your number on a piece of Kleenex," Edwards sighed. "Then, a little later, she blew her nose."

Three starters on the Monclair State College of New Jersey basketball squad are named **Healey Black**, **Calvin Blue** and **Ricky Brown**. Blue comes from East Orange, N.J.

When a Dallas radio station broadcast a simulated football game between the Cowboys and a team of all-time all-stars, reaction was so favorable that it did a follow-up: a half-time report in which an unimpressed Coach Tom Landry and various Cowboys were asked their reactions to playing the stars of yesteryear. All went smoothly until the interviewer stuck a microphone in the face of Cornerback **Charlie**

Waters. "Charlie, would you tell us just what you thought of Jim Thorpe and playing against him?" the interviewer asked breathlessly. "Well," Charlie answered solemnly, "he's not bad for a 75-year-old Indian."

A group of sportswriters touring Arrowhead Stadium in Kansas City was told that Chief Owner **Lamar Hunt** had bedrooms in his private stadium apartment. "What kind of bedrooms are they?" a team official was asked. The man shrugged and said, "The same kind of bedrooms you'd find in any stadium."

After a hair-raising overtime victory, Ohio State's basketball team found that its chartered airplane couldn't get off the ground. A hastily hired bus got the Buckeyes to Columbus 6½ sleepless hours later, but when the team unloaded at five a.m., one man was missing. Closer inspection found 6' 7", 220-pound sophomore **Bill Andreas** soundly asleep in a luggage rack above the seats. Seems that comfortably stretched out and nestled atop everybody else's hats and coats, he was the only one who enjoyed the ride.



♦ Well, it happened. Just as prophesied (54, Oct. 23, **Duke Wayne**, the actor, met **Wayne Duke**, the Big Ten commissioner. The two men attended the same Rose Bowl luncheon and an alert toastmaster made the historic introduction. John Wayne broke into a huge grin. "I can't believe it," Duke said, exposing himself as just another Californian who does not follow the Big Ten very closely.

Then again, certain facts may be deficient in their scanning of the silver screen, too. **Ted Kluszenski**, the Cincinnati Reds' muscular batting coach, has been sporting around in a wide-brimmed Western hat. After wearing it to a Cincinnati Bengals football game, he reported hearing the conversation behind him.

First part: "You know who that is in front of us, don't you?" Second part: "Sure I know. That's John Wayne."

Johnny Unitas, who probably has played his last season as a Colt, has been asked to submit his equipment to the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Unitas agreed, with one exception, the ripple-sole, high-top shoes

he used on artificial surfaces. "They're great for wearing around the yard," he said.

♦ Mrs. **Ida Griese**, better known as the mother of Miami Dolphin Quarterback **Bob Griese**, will appear with her son in a new commercial for Fletcher's Castoria. In it she attributes some of her success in raising such a healthy, vigorous and talented son to the sponsor's nostrum, an old-time laxative for children. Others participating in the ad are Mrs. **Olivia Chamberlain** and Mrs. **Margaret Boone**. They say their sons, **Wilt** and **Pat**, took the same easy road to stardom.

A Miami pastor who thought it might be as important to attend Christmas Eve services as the Dec. 24 Dolphins-Cleveland Browns playoff game was whittled offends by his church council. **The Rev. Carsten Lueder** printed \$11.50 tickets for "50-yard-line" seats at "the game of a lifetime" between the Superstars and the Devils, and in a letter couched in football terms peddled them, tongue in cheek, to parishioners of Christ the King Lutheran Church. Football, **Rev. Lueder** intimated, was too high on some people's priority list, but, lo, in almost no time he had raked in some \$300 and the council was calling a halt. Upper deck in the Orange Bowl may cost \$10, it said, but you can still get into church on a freebie.

Vic Janowicz, a Heisman Trophy winner at Ohio State and one of the biggest sports figures of the '50s, does part of the play-by-play announcing of Buckeye games. An old football hero coming back as sportscaster is hardly unusual, but Janowicz has one other little specialty. He makes predictions on his pre-game show. Of 61 Big Ten and pro games this season he was wrong only five times.



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It becomes more significant when you realize that every man, woman and child in America will use the equivalent of a 100-foot tree this year. For paper, tissue, magazines, lumber, plywood and the thousands of other things made from trees.

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Meatheads in the adobe

The desert-loving New Mexicans were awing along in the national limelight until some Arizona freshmen rose up to put out their fire

Maybe Archie Bunker is right about these here meatheads. The young people want to walk into college basketball and take right over. They don't act their age and they don't respect their elders. If this keeps up, pretty soon they'll be telling us what to do. Why, any day now, you expect some disheveled college coach to saddle up to you on a street corner and whisper hoarsely, "Want to see some pictures of some seniors?"

Look at what happened to the University of New Mexico last weekend. It had this svelte 9-0 record and a ranking as high as 10th in a wire service poll. Then it played Arizona State University on Friday night and a freshman helped turn that winning streak into a mirage. It played the University of Arizona on Saturday night and five freshmen helped turn that mirage into a catastrophe. The old neighborhood, it seems like, is going fast. Why'd they have to let them in anyway? They were happy. They didn't know any better.

But freshmen are here to stay and play, and next year Norm Ellenberger plans to have a few of his own at New Mexico. Last March when he took over as head coach, he and his equilly new assistant, John Whisenant, decided it was too late to recruit the super high school seniors and instead concentrated on junior college transfers. Nobody in Albuquerque was questioning the formula as the Lobos stacked up victories during the first month of this season.

Ellenberger's team was the hottest thing in New Mexico, a state buffeted by the jibes of cynics who offer it up as evidence that anytime you try to build a world in six days, you're going to make mistakes. They sneer that it is an aberration produced by nature's power saw, the state flower is a lizard and the best grass seed to use in New Mexico is sand, part of the reason why the scenery looks like a vacant lot. "But people here really love it," says Don McGuire, a member of the school public-

ity department. "They are content to have their adobe house with the adobe fireplace and a little corral out back for a couple of horses and let the sun beat down on them and the wind blow. They love it." Sounds grand, Don.

So how do you recruit basketball players to such a moonscape? "I came for the school not the area," explains Don Ford, a Californian who could have played in either Los Angeles or San Francisco. "The people here love basketball." That they do. The Lobos' arena seats just under 15,000, including a camp character nicknamed Pops, a man in his 80s who shows up at every home game wearing a New Mexico baseball uniform. The most fiercely contested item in Albuquerque divorce courts is who gets custody of the Lobos' season tickets. Reserved standing room is sold for each game, home and away games are televised, and the players are regarded as certified celebrities.

The dominant figure on the scene is Ellenberger, a handsome man who is 39 years old, looks 29 and acts 19. He has an eclectic style, is modern enough to wear white patent-leather shoes, embroidered shirts and bell-bottom slacks, sincere enough to give his players a soul handshake and appear comfortable doing it and old-fashioned enough to demand respect. The coach walks around the campus extolling the benefits of positive thinking and borrows freely from Whisenant, who had an outstanding record as a junior college coach. He borrows, too, from his bench, pointing proudly to the fact that the team scored 107 points in one game and the high man only had 15. "We've got them believing that you make your own luck," Ellenberger said earlier in the week, commenting on come-from-behind victories over Oregon State and New Mexico State, wins that made Lazarus' comeback seem a trifle. "We've never panicked, we've stayed cool right down to the wire and then we've just gone on to win."



ELLENBERGER ACCENTS THE POSITIVE

Until that trip into Arizona. In the first game the Lobos had a three-point lead with four minutes left and then fell apart, losing 67-62, and in the second they led by 10 in the first half before sinking 83-73. In both games their good big man, Darrel Minniefeld, got into foul trouble and was whistled to the sidelines.

The Lobos played the games under conditions producing anxieties similar to those a turkey suffers in November. The trip opened play in the rugged Western Athletic Conference, a league notorious for its home-court favoritism, and New Mexico was visiting rehels from the days of the laced ball, ASU's Sun Devil Gym and Arizona's Bear Down Gym. In both, the visitors should have worn earmuffs.

Their national ranking might have been as much of a hindrance for the Lobos as sand in their sneakers in the opening game against Arizona State. "It could have hurt us," said Assistant Whisenant. "We went out trying to be cool. We forgot how hard we had to work to win those nine games. And they were ready."

continued

Especially freshman Gary Jackson, who came off the bench with 15 points, 12 in the second half, to complement junior Ron Kennedy's 24 points. "Rankings and All-America, they don't mean much to me," scoffed Jackson. "That's only paper. When I go out there, you got to prove it to me."

New Mexico sought redemption in an unlikely place Saturday night. Arizona had beaten another league favorite, the University of Texas at El Paso, in Bear Down the previous night, and it also had a new coach, Fred Snowden, a black who took the job after five years as an assistant at Michigan. In the early '60s Snowden compiled a remarkable 167-8 won-lost record coaching high school ball in Detroit, but when he arrived at Arizona he inherited a program which had produced a grand total of six victories all last season.

Nicknamed the "Fox," the diminutive Snowden, 36, quickly recruited five super freshmen, including Eric Money and Counsel Norman, a pair of fabulous high school teammates from Detroit who knew and respected the coach. "Snowden's from the same neighborhood and background I'm from, so I can't slip nothing past him," said Money.

Money and Norman, along with peer AJ Fleming, have been regulars and at times Snowden has flooded the floor with all five of his prize freshmen at once. The team stuttered early under the awkwardness of the young, losing two of its first three games, but has been going strong since.

Ellenberger replaced Bernard Hardin, the team's second leading scorer and rebounder, with Mark Suters for the opening tap, hoping to regain that spark that had been the enzyme for the nine victories. But the Lobos had no one to match Norman's outside shooting. He sank 13 of 20 shots, most of them dusty from travel, and scored 34 points. "He might be one of the greatest premier shooters in the country ever," said Ellenberger. "You'd have to have a canoe paddle to guard that guy."

For Snowden the win was like nectar after a diet of disappointment. "I didn't think I'd ever get here," he said. "I saw guys moving out and going on to college coaching, and I thought, 'What do I have to do?' As a kid, I was like everybody else. I lived in the bad section of town. But I scrapped my way out of it. I had a coach, Sam Bishop. He was

the only white man who wasn't afraid to come down there and coach us. I was a thug. That was all any of us were, but he made me realize that I had other skills. He built a lot of men.

"Here they know I'm not going to love them any less if they lose one. We pray a lot. We cry a lot. And we love a lot. My black players, I'm their image. My white players, my two white assistant coaches, that's their image. I've got wonderful black kids and wonderful white kids and they're making democracy a living thing."

Well, maybe Archie Bunker is wrong.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST

Before facing Butler in Indianapolis. Coach AJ McGuire of Marquette said: "When my kids first meet me they think I'm a con man. But I let them talk and I talk to them." All of which, he claims, creates a healthy atmosphere. But in the locker room after the Warriors had struggled from a 66-61 deficit to a 67-66 win, the conversation was noticeably one-sided. McGuire was the speaker—shooter would be more correct—as he questioned his players' internal fortitude. Two nights later Marquette won its 10th game without a loss by beating DePaul 60-59 on Larry McNeill's hook shot with nine seconds remaining. Four of the Warriors' past five games have been decided by a total of eight points, and four times the other team had the last shot that could have won. Maybe it is the players who are coming McGuire, who said, "I need a psychiatrist."

"We just couldn't put the stupid ball in the hole early," said Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor after being jolted by Michigan 68-62 despite 28 points from Allan Hornsby. Wolverine Coach Johnny Orr had a more graphic analysis: "We boarded tremendously well, confused 'em with our 1-2-2 zone and kept them from shooting free throws." It also helped that Campy Russell connected for 23 points. It was the first time since 1966 that the Wolverines had won at Columbus, but the real shocker during the opening round of Big Ten play was Iowa's 65-62 overtime win at home over previously unbeaten Minnesota. "I don't know if we're willing to pay the price for what it takes to win," said Gopher Coach Bill Musselman, who also expressed disbelief at having been outrebounded 47-44. Kevin Kunnert of the

Hawkeyes dominated play, scoring 26 points and getting 15 rebounds. With Northwestern missing its first 11 shots, Michigan State had no trouble earning a 90-77 win.

A year ago Oklahoma Coach John MacLeod correctly noted that the quality of play in the Big Eight was "a little down," causing some fellow coaches to consider him a Benedict Arnold. This season MacLeod said he doubted that there was a stronger conference than the Big Eight, which won him friends but still left much to be proved. Neither Missouri (11-0) nor Kansas State (9-2) played last week and Oklahoma State lost to St. Louis 78-55, so MacLeod's Sooners did their best for the coach's theory, knocking off Texas 81-78 and SMU 84-68.

For the 10th time in succession Houston won the Bluebonnet Classic, drubbing West Texas State 130-84 and Texas A&M 114-85. North Texas State rarely gets a chance to take on Southwest Conference teams—the Eagles met their last SWC opponent five years ago—so it was ready when it played TCU, rallying to win 67-53.

Oral Roberts won twice, 81-76 over Marshall and 103-86 over Morehead State. Pan American jetted to a 35-20 lead over Southwestern Louisiana, then lost 86-75.

A sign urged Loyola of Chicago to "Beat MacMurray in a Hurry." The Ramblers did, rushing to a 45-15 advantage and a 103-79 win.

1. MARQUETTE (10-0) 2. MISSOURI (11-0)

SOUTH

Another coach who likes to interact with his players is Bucknell's Jim Valvano, 26, who says, "When I took the job I had a one-hour interview with each player, letting him do all the talking. Then I talked to the team for two hours. I'm not a front-of-the-bus coach. I want to be tight with my team." Visually, Valvano is tight with Joe Namath, whom he resembles. "The difference between Namath and me," he says, "is that Joe is rich and he's called ruggedly handsome. I'm poor and people say I have a big nose." After losing to Georgia 97-90 and beating Georgia Southern 68-63, Bucknell, with five wins, looked as handsome as it did all last year.

Conference play in the Missouri Valley was not yet in full swing, but Memphis State and Drake went into a double-overtime rumpus. The Tigers pulled ahead by 14 points, were tied at 71-all, avoided defeat when Bill Laune sank a desperation basket with one second left in the first extra period and, finally, prevailed 97-92.

In the Southeastern Conference, Mississippi beat Kentucky for the first time since 1928, staving off a Wildcat rally and hanging on 61-58. Vanderbilt's Lee Fowler had been averaging seven points a game but scored 20 in a 71-66 victory over LSU and 26 when the Commodores trimmed Georgia

continued

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89-86 in overtime. Wingmen John Snow and Mike Edwards combined for 54 points as Tennessee flattened Mississippi State 86-67. A 110-71 edge in rebounds enabled Alabama to lick LSU 77-66 and Florida 69-56.

North Carolina State squeaked past Virginia 68-61 with the help of an unusual three-point foul. The Wolfpack led 57-55 when Virginia's Al Drummond was called for an infraction. The rule this year is a technical foul when two hands, not the required one—are raised by the accused fouler. Drummond rained both hands and 5' 7" Monte Towse, who entered the game with a pinched leg nerve, stitches under his eye and a fractured bone in his wrist and then broke his nose in the first half, somehow sank all three free throws. Virginia narrowly avoided another loss, twinking Duke in overtime 80-74. Maryland beat Clemson 79-75 and Kern State 76-58. North Carolina put down Furman 100-67 and Nebraska 79-62.

"That was probably Jacksonville's best game since Artis Gilmore left," said Dwight Lamar, who had 31 points, almost half the team output in Southwestern Louisiana's 120-78 defeat by the Dolphins.

Davidson lost to St. John's 78-77 when Bill Schaeffer sank the last of his 35 points on a jumper with three seconds left.

Kermit Washington of American University was the MVP of the Presidential Classic, getting 43 points and 40 rebounds in wins over Rice (80-61) and George Washington (103-86). Other tournaments were won by Michigan State, which took the Senior Bowl finale from South Alabama 86-78, and by Seton, an appropriate winner of the Hunter Classic.

L. MARYLAND (19-9) 2. N.C. STATE (19-9)

EAST Two years ago, when Temple Coach Harry Litwack suffered an ulcer attack, Assistant Coach Don Casey ran the team for three games and lost them all. Last week Litwack was felled by a virus and Casey got another chance. This time the assistant reversed game plans and began with a 70-63 win at Delaware. The new strategy? Casey, an inveterate growler, clammed up, Litwack style. "I tried not to change the character of the bench," he said, and then called out, "Where's John Wooden?" He might better have summoned Coach Herb Magee of Philadelphia. Festive Magee proved too much for Casey as Temple stunned the Owls 58-52, ending a string of 15 losses in Big Five rivals. Mourned Casey: "Clemlet is over."

La Salle gave St. Joseph's fits in the first half before losing 68-55.

Providence was a three-time winner. The Friars toyed with Brown 83-53 and then, with Kevin Staum scoring 90 points and with its zone working superbly in the second half, shut off Rhode Island 79-59. Last

and sweetest victim was Carleton, 77-64.

There were four double winners as heavy Ivy competition began. Yale won 76-64 over Columbia and 95-68 over Cornell. Penn beat Dartmouth 65-55 and then zoned out Harvard 66-61. Shooting 60%, Brown blitzed Cornell 102-79 before stopping Columbia 86-68. And Princeton held off Harvard 71-70 and Dartmouth 75-60.

Boston College and Syracuse each won twice. Jere Nolan had 13 assists as BC downed Dartmouth 102-76, but the Eagles had to scramble to beat Villanova for the first time in 22 years. Syracuse upped its record to 9-2 with Mike Lee pumping in 56 points in victories over Holy Cross (80-71) and Pitt (74-66).

1. PROVIDENCE (16-1) 2. ST. JOHN'S (16-2)

WEST With 27 seconds to go and his team leading Long Beach State by five points, San Jose State Coach Ivan Guevara called a time-out in the Pacific Coast AA game. Whereupon his Spartans, who had lost five straight games, whooped it up, linked hands and began dancing. "I was shocked," said Guevara, who had to pry his players apart to settle them down. The real shock belonged to the Long Beach 49ers, who lost their first game after 11 wins, 68-61. They recovered Sunday at Pacific, winning 91-85, handing the Tigers their first home loss in 46 games.

Bill Walton of UCLA had only six minutes in one game and sat out the last 15 minutes of the next, but the Bruins still won easily, whipping Oregon 84-38 and Oregon State 87-61. USC, playing without talented 5' 6" K.C. Kelly, who quit the team, got by Oregon State 90-72 and Oregon 66-65. Washington defeated California 71-59 and Washington State stopped Stanford 61-49.

Last summer Colorado State Coach Jim Williams vowed, "I'm going to beat BYU on its home court next season." Despite the laughter his Rams did just that, knocking off the Cougars 93-86 even while being outshot 59% to 43%, and outrebounded 48-41. Explained Williams, "It's a matter of mathematics. We got 15 more turnovers and 15 multiplied by our shooting percentage is 6-45 points. We beat 'em by seven."

Pepperdine opponents have been seeking a way to slow down high-scoring William (Bert) Averitt. The lessons of the previous week—1-3-1 zones that helped limit him to a total of 21 points in two games—were ignored by last week's foes for some reason and Averitt bombed man-to-man defenses for 143 points. He had 49 in a 107-75 drubbing of Drury, 37 in an 83-81 win over Nevada-Las Vegas, and set West Coast AC marks with 25 field goals and 57 points as the Waves swamped Nevada-Reno 110-94.

1. UCLA (10-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (10-1)



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Big little guy in Chi

With the big big one, Bobby Hull, lost and gone, the Hawks' Stan Mikita is under heavy prassura. Against the rival North Stars he excelled

Gump Worsley would be watching this Chicago game from the bench but, as always, the Minnesota goaltender had an opinion. "To be honest," Worsley said, "Bobby Hull was the one player who upset the balance in the West. The Black Hawks don't have him anymore, so they're back with the rest of us. Or maybe we're up with them. Which ever it is, they're not running away from us this year like they always used to." When Hull was getting around the ice, Chicago typically locked up the NHL's West Division championship by Thanksgiving. When he bolted to the Winnipeg Jets of the World Hockey Association

during the summer, along with the best wishes of the North Stars he also took the rare goals that won games for the Black Hawks last season, four that gave them ties, 14 that gave them 1-0 leads, eight power-play goals and three short-handed goals. Hull never seemed to waste his efforts on trivial scoring plays for the Black Hawks. Last year, in fact, 38 of his 50 goals were so-called "important" scores. "The Black Hawks may miss Hull," Worsley said, "but we don't, that's for sure."

As the Hawks struggled into Minnesota for Saturday night's game they held a shaky four-point lead over the second-place North Stars. Chicago had lost three of its previous four games, including home-ice embarrassments inflicted by Pittsburgh and St. Louis and an 8-2 whipping in Buffalo, while Minnesota had dropped only one of its last 14 games in the raucous Met. So this figured to be a fair test of Chicago's pride and character. If the Hawks lost, they would be but two points ahead of the North Stars—and in a continuing slugging match. A win would put them six points up and pulling away.

"Our trouble," explained Chicago's Stan Mikita, "has been that we no longer have the guy who always got the big goal for us when we needed it." Not having Hull has presented serious defensive problems for the Hawks, too. "Never, never have I had to stop—or try to stop—so many good scoring chances," said Goaltender Tony Esposito. "When Bobby was on the ice for 30 minutes a game the other teams had to worry about him all that time. They couldn't get very ambitious themselves because Bobby would burn them at the other end. Without Bobby to worry about, they're not afraid to take liberties." Esposito shook his head. "We lost only 17 games all last year," he said, "but we've lost 14 games already—and we're not even halfway through the schedule."

Not surprisingly the Black Hawks

were pretty uptight all week, particularly Mikita, although on the ice he resembled the spry young center who won four scoring championships in five seasons during the mid-'60s. "It's my skating," Mikita said. "For the first time in five or six years I've been able to skate effortlessly. My back hasn't caused me one bit of trouble, thank goodness. As a result I don't have to pump myself—you know, force myself—to get places. I'm not even conscious of the fact that I'm skating. I just do it naturally."

With Hull in Winnipeg, Mikita has tried valiantly to become Chicago's leader. "I put the onus on myself," he said. "I've been here 12 years, longer than anyone else, and I feel I should try to do some of the things Bobby always did. But I don't know if today's kids buy that stuff anymore, particularly in professional sports."

Early in the week Mikita criticized the Chicago management. "I think we might be winning more if Pat Stapleton was still playing regularly," he said. "Here we are, still fighting for our lives. I think we could be doing better. Pat and Bill White were the best defense team in hockey last year. Now they're not together anymore and Pat's sitting on the bench. Can an All-Star change that much in one season? I'm sure if he played more often Pat could help us. We're having a few problems moving the puck in our own end, and Pat's great at moving it out, you know."

Stapleton, one of Team Canada's best defencemen in the series against the Soviet Union, broke a bone in his foot at the start of the season, and during his recovery lost his regular job to a promising 20-year-old rookie, Phil Russell. Now Stapleton takes an occasional shift on defense, a spot assignment or two at center and an occasional turn on the power play.

"I don't know what's going on, and I don't think Pat does," Mikita said. "Maybe they're shipping him on the wrist for talking about retiring earlier this year, just like they took his captaincy away three years ago when he held out for awhile. It makes me wonder about myself. Suppose I decide to sign a contract here for next year, but it doesn't go smoothly. Will they put me on the bench?"

Mikita's pronouncements prompted the Hawks to call him into the front office and politely gag him. For three days



MIKITA (21) AND STAPLETON RACE IN



CHICAGO'S DAN MALONEY GETS A COLORADO SHOULDER FROM MINNIE DEFENDER TOM REID

Stan refused to say anything, walking around with the index finger of his right hand pressed against his mouth. "I said it," he confirmed, "and I meant it, but I don't want to discuss the matter again."

The Hawks had some other problems. Defenseman Keith Magnuson seems to have forgotten how to hit people. The chief enforcer up front, Jerry (King Kong) Korab, 6' 3", 220 pounds, has also turned tame. And both Esposito and Gary Smith, who combined to allow the fewest goals-against in the NHL last season, have been consistently inconsistent in goal. "Team Canada drained me," said Esposito. "It's been a long year already."

Meanwhile, the North Stars had not lost any player of consequence to the WHA and were rolling merrily along, playing the same three lines, the same penalty-killing units, the same defense pairings and, well, practically the same everything in every game. Hockey's most elderly team, the North Stars like to call themselves the Golden Oldies and, as Lou Nanne, who at 31 is one of the young Stars, says, "We're cheering like crazy for the Washington Redskins. Go get 'em, George Bush."

Nanne may be the indispensable North Star—if not on the ice, where he plays right wing on the checking line, then certainly in the dressing room, where he has become the club's Duke of Oscumet or, as Worsley calls him, "I Can Get It

for You Wholesale Louie." Want a deal on a new car? See Louie. Need a new raincoat or a new suit or a snowmobile or a snow thrower? See Louie.

Nanne took a strange route to the NHL. He played junior hockey in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, with the Esposito brothers, but instead of turning pro he attended the University of Minnesota on a hockey scholarship. After graduating in 1963 he stayed in Minneapolis and became a full-time envelope salesman, a part-time color man on local television shows, a weekend hockey player and an assistant coach at Minnesota. When the North Stars joined the NHL in 1967, Nanne was their radio-TV color man and handled the postgame score-board show. At the same time he also was working with the U.S. Olympic team. He played at Grenoble in 1968 ("I took out my U.S. citizenship papers in 1967") and then turned pro with the North Stars for the last month of the '68 season.

Except for a stay in the minors, Nanne has been with the North Stars ever since. Last year he finally won a regular job—and scored 21 goals.

The one thing that rankles Nanne about his career in the NHL is the fact that he has never scored against Tony Esposito. "I owned him as a kid in the Soo," he says. "I did score on him once last year, but the referee said I hit the puck with my stick above my shoulder.

My goal, if it had counted, would have cost Tony a shutoff and a bonus. I'll get him someday."

Someday was not Saturday. Understandably there was great optimism in Minnesota as the largest crowd of the season, 15,632, braved subzero temperatures and ice-slick roads to storm the Met. And early in the first period Nanne had two excellent opportunities to beat Esposito. The first time he was alone in front, with the net open, but his back was to the goal, and he rolled a backhand wide. The next time he intercepted a clearing pass and fired quickly at Esposito, who just deflected the shot with an outstretched leg pad.

Then Mikita took over for the Black Hawks. Late in the second period he pecked up a loose puck in the North Star zone, moved in and beat young Goaltender Gilles Gilbert with a rising shot through a maze of players. Early in the third period he poked the puck away from a Minnesota defenseman, skated behind Gilbert and set up Cliff Koroll in front for an easy goal. Esposito contained the North Stars throughout as the Hawks won 2-0. "My best game since Moscow in September," Tony said.

Mikita's two points thrust him into the scoring leadership in the West Division—19 goals and 34 assists for 53 points—and the game conceivably set the tone for the rest of the season. Though the Hawks certainly are not the team they used to be, Mikita's performance was "big" even by Hull standards. Next day in a nationally televised game Mikita blazed on, getting a goal and four assists in Chicago's 5-4 victory over Boston to give his scoring totals—and all the Hawks—a mighty lift. The North Stars suddenly were closer to seventh place than first.

While the top four teams in the East—Montreal, Boston, Buffalo and New York—all seem assured of Stanley Cup playoff spots, only the Black Hawks now appear certain of a place in the West. Minnesota has that geriatric problem. Philadelphia generally forgets to pack its muscular body benders for road games; it has won only three away from home all year. Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Atlanta and St. Louis all have cup ambitions. But bet on one thing: the California Golden Seals are a cinch for last place. Only a Bobby Hull could lift that woebegone club higher.

END

A look at the old gray mare

The sport isn't what it used to be. But can it be rejuvenated? The hand of racing in California provides a prescription for a cure

Kalso and Exterminator before him raced till they were nine, Armed and Native Diver till they were eight, and for the best of reasons. They were geldings whose only value was on the racetrack. The point is made because a certain amount of the lessening popularity of thoroughbred racing in this country has been attributed to the premature retirement to stud of our hero horses as soon as they have gained a measure of fame.

It would be ironic, in a sport dedicated to heredity, if to keep the game alive we found ourselves depending on horses who cannot reproduce. It was not always so. Equipoise and Discovery were stallions who despite being highly weighted in handicaps showed up for work each spring to take on all comers at all distances. Equipoise racing till he was seven—although that was 40 years ago. In more recent times it has been hard to find even a 5-year-old stud racing in the big handicaps under top weight. Unfortunately, if a horse is to continue his career past his 3-year-old season, it must be in the handicaps.

This has been seized upon by owners of the best 3-year-olds as justification for withdrawing their colts from the arena. Handicappers, it is said, break colts down with unbearable imposts.

There is no question that our racing suffers from a spate of handicaps, which remain the best way to attract a full field for a Saturday feature. Track managements want the best horses, but they

also want the most. The owners of the best horses often have more to lose than a winner's pot. The market for ballplayers is controlled by the club owners, with the blessing of our highest tribunal, but the market for thoroughbred stallions ranges all the way up to \$5 million, and every defeat decreases the price.

There are ways of dealing with the handicap problem. Weight-for-age races, in which the only weight concessions are for sex and age, may be anathema to track operators who want no 1-to-9 shots diminishing the betting, but harness racing has made it big despite a succession of invincibles who go 12 for 12 in that unweighted sport. Certainly we can afford more than the eight weight-for-age races scheduled to be run in the U.S. in 1973. We have other variations: the allowance stakes, in which the weights carried are based on money won, and invitational handicaps, in which the spread of weights is reduced by requirement of a minimum quality in those invited. Both of these can accomplish at least part of our objective: to give the fans established performers to engage their attention and their affection.

This presupposes that there is still a sizable public out there waiting to be captivated. Many people in racing are concerned that we have worn out several generations of horseplayers without doing anything at all to develop a new crop. American racing drew crowds of close to 50,000 when the population was half today's, but the recreational habits of the citizenry were altogether different. The barbershop and saloon were the hubs of a man's world, and the family that played together was rare. Only rich people had second homes and boats, and racing's sole competitor as a spectator sport was baseball. In the struggle today for the recreation dollar, the rapid disappearance of racing's headlines could be a major factor in the waning interest in the sport. Even a radical change in our programs may not alter that.

The trouble with affluence as a lifestyle is that one is never quite affluent enough. Horse owners beset by tax collectors who never bothered their grandfathers may be excused for paying attention to the financial realities of their racing operations, which require that they show a profit at least two years

out of seven. There were no such requirements when Equipoise was dominating the handicaps in New York in 1933. He raced nine times that year, carrying weights up to 135 pounds, and won his first seven starts, including the historic Metropolitan and Suburban Handicaps and the Hawthorne Gold Cup. His earnings for the year came to \$55,760, less than the winner's share of any one of the 23 \$100,000 handicaps we now run for older horses. Compared with the \$416,022 Cougar II collected in 1971, it is not an imposing figure, but everything was less in 1933. Including stud fees.

Which brings us to the other reason why we see so few old familiar faces in the handicap lineups. Top dollar for a stallion service in 1933 would have been \$2,000, with the privilege of return, which meant that if your mare did not get in foal, you and she were entitled to another try. Now in Kentucky a stallion's fee may be \$40,000, with no return, and there are very few such investment opportunities on the market. In other words, Equipoise's take-home pay as a racehorse in 1933 was not too much below his potential as a stallion had his owner decided that season to put him to stud. But nowadays a top-bracket stallion probably could produce on the racetrack only one-quarter of the income available to his owners in the breeding shed.

The mathematics actually are not that simple. Nobody starfs a \$2 million stallion for cash anymore: horses are syndicated, with shares being sold to a select list of subscribers, the rule of thumb being to price a share at three times the cost of an annual service. This gives the owner a handsome capital gain, makes certain that the stallion's book will be filled with quality mares, divides the risk of his sudden death or injury and gives the subscribers trading material in stallion services in what has become essentially a barter economy. Compare this with keeping your champion in training, knowing that his record necessarily will require that he carry the heaviest weight in handicaps and that some young 3-year-old could obliterate him in the autumn weight-for-age classics. There is also the danger of losing the horse altogether in a racing or training accident. Very few people can afford to turn

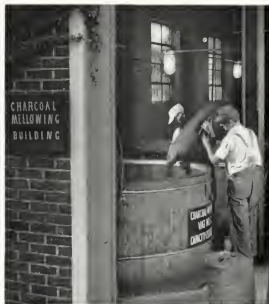
over high cards for sums like \$1 million or \$2 million.

Our immediate problem is that we have allowed racing to get seriously out of balance in the disparity between the financial returns from breeding and racing. Our larger problem is the disparity between horse racing's image as a recreation and as a tax producer. There are too many states trying to make an easy buck out of the sport, too many tracks competing for the same tired animals. Every new jurisdiction that offers a \$100,000 extravaganza lessens the chance that any \$100,000 stake will draw a field worthy of the prize, and the only law to limit the glut is the law of diminishing returns.

For commercial ills, commercial remedies. Since there is little prospect of persuading the owners of household-word horses to keep them operative for the public's sake, the alternative is to create new household-word horses by means of television and a proper type of off-track betting. Given the unfortunate results of OTB in New York, this must sound at least demented, but off-track betting has been the making of the best racing in the world in France. In Japan, where the number of major tracks is limited to 12, it has produced a phalanx of buyers who are the strength or the abomination, depending on your buy-or-sell position, of international bloodstock auctions.

In this country we have discovered that the expansion of racing from state to greedy state results only in its deterioration into a business, run mainly for tax purposes. You may wonder how off-track betting can reverse this trend, but there is hope in the late dispatches from Connecticut. There they have enacted a pari-mutuel betting bill that envisions the establishment of super horse rooms, complete with bars and other semblances of Las Vegas, long before ground is broken for the first racetrack. The idea is to rent racing by television from neighboring New York. If every nonracing state with a financial problem, which is to say all of them, were to do the same, quality racing might stand a better chance of survival. The racing, being less, would have to be better, and the only losers would be the breeders of the worst horses, whose names, regrettably, are legion.

END



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awry & up up

draw your chair up close to the edge of the precipice and I'll tell you a story," wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald when he came to describe his lifelong journey toward self-destruction. And a friend who spends most of his time in front of the tube recalled that Nietzsche had once observed: "A sedentary life is the real sin against the Holy Ghost." Nietzsche, I think, was about to check into the asylum when he penned that thought. But I ramble—putting off the recounting of that inevitable moment when I decided to learn to fly a hot-air balloon. Indulge me.

What is there in this age of flight

To make me lag the earth so tight?

wrote a poet acquaintance some years ago, in a neat little verse called *Doesn't*, *Stay Away from My Transom!* If God had meant us to fly, he would have provided us with wings, intoned yet another ancient philosopher comment

With her head in the clouds, she set off to solo. Then the exhilarating and eerie adventure died on the wind

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

about the time man first took to the skies. Aphorisms pile up like lumber in my mind, so anxious am I to find some wisdom that will explain the inexplicable. I have told this story many times now, scarcely waiting to be asked, and like any good story it improves with each telling. The drama becomes more intense, the suspense heightens, ignorance diminishes as hindsight improves. The facts had better be put down once and for all before fact evolves altogether into fiction.

In the first place, I had been reading a lot of propamarkery (a word just invented to describe a combination of propaganda and malarkey) about the serenity of flying a balloon. Books about ballooning have been proliferating like bubbles in a Sardo bath, and all accounts had me believing that I, too, would drift gently over the countryside with nothing to do but count cows and pop corks from champagne bottles. Now it is time to put the hot air back where it belongs, in the balloon.

The balloon is a thing of beauty to behold. It may as well get that out of the way. It looks serene, which is how that rumor undoubtedly got started. Most impressive was the apparent simplicity of the contraption; no dirty old gears or oily transmission to offend the female temperament. The thing didn't even have tires. Beautiful. Of course, all trips are strictly one-way. Once aloft, the balloon does not return to its point of departure. Like an errant lady it must be chased and carried home.

"Quite right," said Ellen Hall, a psychiatric nurse who has been playing second bubble to her husband's balloon for a number of years. "To the male, a balloon has certain sensual qualities," she said. "It has a hoop and a skirt, doesn't it? What more does he need?" But all this is best left to graduate students looking for a thesis.

Having decided to learn to fly, I called a 27-year-old balloon tycoon named Robert Waligunda, who heads up Sky Promotions in Princeton, N.J. Waligunda (SI, Feb. 7, 1972) turned out to have more irons in the fire than a blacksmith at Belmont. He was, he said, entering a hare-and-hounds race in Canada, was committed to a series of balloon ads for Lark, might pop over to Yugoslavia for a week or two, had been appointed chairman of the race committee for the World Balloon Championships in Al-

buquerque, had to go to Hollywood to make a film called *Flight Into Silence* and had agreed to take his balloon up during halftime at a football game, hoping to erase a bad image created when a lesser balloonist, previously invited, had landed in the stands. He was all for my plans to learn to fly, his enthusiasm for ballooning crackling against my eardrums. Why not, he suggested, learn to fly at Walkkill, N.Y., a lovely spot at the foot of the Catskills, where a licensed pilot named William Hughes would be glad to teach me the fine art of aerostatics. I might, he said, even get a pilot's license in time to enter a race being held at nearby Highland. Wouldn't that be fun? In my innocence, I said I thought it would, but what was this about a pilot's license? The Federal Aviation Agency, Waligunda explained, administered written examinations to all would-be balloonists. I would be expected to answer questions about the general operation of free balloons, about different sorts of weather conditions in the U.S., demonstrate an ability to analyze weather maps and solve practical navigation problems. I had not expected to have to muck about with a faceless bureaucracy like the FAA, but everything has its price.

I headed for Walkkill one bright fall morning in a gleaming rented Plymouth, my progress upstate marked by leaves beginning to change; a splash of red here, orange and yellow intermixed with green there, purplish hills looming in the distance. The Rocking Horse Ranch at Highland had booked me a room which would offer an opportunity to study the scene of my future race. Who birds sing, there is no impending doom. There would be three weeks to master ground school and achieve eight hours' flying time, the minimum required to solo. I would be taking—though I did not care to be too literal about it—a crash course in ballooning.

William Dennis Hughes, former Navy helicopter pilot, onetime fire-fighting forest ranger, crop duster and corporation pilot, now enamored of the hot-air balloon, was waiting for me off the highway at New Paltz in a white converted bread truck decorated with a painting of a red, white and blue Raven. The rear let-down door was in-

scribed with FOLLOW ME. I CHASE BALLOONS. I followed him to Kobelt Airport, a small private training field for pilots, and took my first look at the "lighter-than-air" craft in which I would shortly fly away. Rolled up in a lump of gray bag, uninflated, it weighed 150 pounds. I weigh 30 pounds less, uninflated. This was the only resemblance, unless you want to include my red, white and blue heart.

"When it's aloft, the wind pushes it, so it is considered lighter than air," Hughes explained. Rolled out, the nylon fabric measured 70 feet in length; it would swell to 50 feet in diameter. A spaghetti-like array of cables was attached to a fiber glass-aluminum gondola designed to hold two.

"We have a wicker basket for sight-seeing flights, which is what tourists expect in ballooning," said my instructor, "but in training, we use the gondola. Otherwise, you are liable to wind up with a pile of kindling after a hard landing." I cleared my throat. The balloon tycoon had not said anything about hard landings. Still, at this point, I was not put off.

The balloon, like Gaul, was divided into three parts—the envelope, the burners and the gondola—and I expected to have no more trouble than Caesar when he marched in and took over. Hughes handed me the materials needed for ground school: a protractor for plotting courses, an aeronautical sectional chart of New York, a hand computer and a much too thick paperback entitled *The Private Pilot's Handbook*. It was filled with graphs, airplanes drawn to scale flying on dotted lines, weather maps and incomprehensible sentences. A random example: "ICG. OCNL MDT ICGIC. FRZG LVL 88-100 LWRG TO NEAR SFC BHND LO CNTR." Serenity would obviously have to wait.

Late that afternoon, when the wind was still, we took the Raven out of its bag and prepared to inflate. Hughes taught me how to seal the crown and explained the crown rip strap that opens the top of the balloon to deflate the envelope. The crown, usually opened after landing, allows enough hot air to escape to deflate the balloon quickly. It may also be used in emergency landings.

"In landing," he said, "you will probably need only to use the maneuvering vent—this rope—which opens a flap in



the side of the balloon. Opening it will control drifting and bring you straight down, but your descent will be rapid, so you will cushion your landing with short, steady blasts of heat." I said I would cushion like crazy. He dragged a gasoline-run fan out of the truck. "We start by blowing air into the balloon with this fan." It looked oily. I inspected it from a distance. He flicked a switch, and cold air rushed into the balloon, which rippled, then billowed and swayed first to one side then the other, suddenly puffing up and out, rather like a society matron bustling about: all bottoms, no legs. I had been set to holding on to the front outer edge of the fabric through which a short handling line was laced, raising my arms over my head to create an opening so that the air could be directed toward the center of the balloon. Hughes, who was holding up the other side, manipulating the fan at the same time, let go long enough to light the two enormous burners affixed inside the gondola that lay overturned on the ground. The first nosy blast sent me reeling. I would, said Hughes, get used to the noise of the burners. As the air inside the envelope heated, the balloon rose and the gondola righted itself. Unfortunately, I was rising, too. When my feet threatened to leave the ground, I let go.

"You're not tall enough," said my instructor bluntly, as if I had just displayed some genetic deficiency previously hidden. He was not exactly a towering specimen himself. Slight of build, he seemed to be in his mid-30s, brown hair already receding. A flyer most of his adult life, he walked with short, springy steps, each footfall a separate little takeoff.

"Hop in." More blasting, flames shooting upward. The gondola rocked and left the ground.

"Buoyancy is the amount of lift you need to overcome gross weight," explained Hughes. As he seemed to expect some sort of informed response to this, I said, "No kidding."

"That may be one of the questions on the FAA exam, so try to remember." I said I would. Below, as we skimmed over an apple orchard, a group of teenagers on motor scooters were chasing a rabbit. It was clear from my vantage point that the rabbit was going to win. The boys left their bikes as we hovered overhead and began to play a game called lob apples at balloonists. A few steady blasts of hot air took us out of range, but not before we had plucked some of the fruit from the top of a tree. Hughes indicated three instruments attached to a panel: a pyrometer to show the temperature of the air inside the bal-

loon, except that it was not working; an altimeter that would have given us our altitude, except that it had broken down; and a rate-of-climb indicator to show ascent or descent in feet per minute. That seemed to be functioning, but it was best not to give it too much attention, said my instructor. A balloonist should learn to fly by "feel," by keeping his eyes fixed on the horizon. "You will begin to feel the rhythm, with practice. Always face in the direction you are going. You must see what is out there in front of you. When you blast to achieve altitude, the balloon will not respond to the added heat for about 15 seconds, so you must be able to calculate how far you will travel during the delay. Keep an eye out especially for power lines, and give them a lot of berth. The gondola has enough momentum to cleave through the top of a live tree, but avoid dead trees because they don't give. When we land, hold on tight and flex your knees." There was more to it than I had imagined, but there always is.

Sneaking a look down, I could see the balloon truck parked ahead of us on a nearby road. Bruce Wilson, a friend of Hughes, was chasing. He had lived in the area all his life, knew every back road. He would find us, said Hughes, wherever we landed, and he pulled the rope that opened the vent. We went down with a thump in a vacant field, bounced up again like a rubber ball, dragged a few feet and settled. I pulled the crown rope that opened the top, like a layer of skin being peeled back. Soon the balloon was once again a 70-foot length of fabric lying inert on the ground. Our chaser was already backing the truck onto the field.

Except for a few new refinements such as instruments and Raven's exclusive maneuvering vent, the balloon has not changed much since the first one went up in 1783 near Paris. "What is it good for?" inquired a spectator on that occasion, and crusty old Benjamin Franklin, Ambassador to France at the time, replied, "What good is a newborn baby?" A baby, Franklin might have been told, does not have to have hot air squeezed out of it before it is put to bed. Gathering the fabric up in both arms, I walked backwards, squeezing, while Hughes and Wilson rescued the crown. By the time I reached the center of the balloon, the air had all collect-

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ed behind me, making it a dead weight.

"The whole operation seems to have come to a standstill," I heard my instructor say as I struggled silently, enveloped in nylon. They came around.

"Where is she?" asked Wilson, not spotting me at first buried in the puffy fabric. I crawled out, Wilson took over the squeeze operation. I was set to rolling the thing up. By the time I had crawled 70 feet on my hands and knees, patting and panting, I was looking forward to ground school. Hughes filled in my pilot's log with the statistics of what he called my first "ascension," which sounded spooky, and sent me home.

At the Rocking Horse Ranch an army of weekend tourists from Brooklyn and the Bronx were embarking on a wienie roast in the lobby, music was being piped into my room, and a horse was looking through my window. The *Private Pilot's Handbook*, opened to a chapter with the catchy title "Weather," lay open on my bed. "One inch of mercury is equivalent to approximately 34 millibars," I read. The rest of the prose was equally exciting. I said good night to the horse and went to sleep.

"Clouds. You must be able to identify clouds," said Hughes as we drifted over the Wallkill River. He frequently conducted ground school at 2,000 feet. "You have to be able to distinguish between an altostratus cloud and a cumuloimbus cloud," etc. Below us, a six-point buck waded along the shore, picking his way over stones and around uprooted shrubs and debris. "You don't see a six-point buck very often anymore," said Hughes. I was glad to get his mind off clouds. I wished the buck a long and happy life.

That afternoon I flew the balloon myself for the first time, going up and down like a yo-yo, and calculated our descent perfectly, knowing I intended landing on the roof of the Wallkill high school. We went up again in a hurry. Landings are the trickiest part of ballooning. Walgunda himself had once plunked down in the Connecticut River, and Hughes, going down in Corowall, N.Y., had landed in what turned out to be the police commissioner's backyard. Farmers, particularly in the Midwest, occasionally take umbrage when balloonists fly over cattle and livestock. After the U.S. Balloon Championships in Iowa in 1970, reported *Ballooning* magazine, one farmer had filed a lawsuit, claiming that the

noise of burners over his hog lot had caused 10 sows "due to farrow" to stampede through and over a fence and out into a chest-high bean field. One sow, alleged the farmer, had suffered a miscarriage, two sows had returned home to be delivered of 11 and nine pigs respectively, others had been caught with the help of neighbors, but two pregnant sows were still at large in the bean field. Balloonists, on the other hand, claim that certain unidentified, hostile types have taken potshots at them with guns as they drift overhead enjoying all that serenity. Too much serenity, one suspects, and balloonists, an active, zesty lot, would probably take up jousting.

On a cold, frosty morning in mid-October, Hughes drove me to Batavia to meet old smoke balloonist Eddy Allen, who used to shoot his daughter out of a cannon, suspended from a balloon, back in the '30s. And the tycoon himself showed up in Batavia to meet his newest aeronaut.

"She doesn't have much control yet in landing," Hughes told Walgunda. Hughes generally referred to me as she, as if my parents had somehow overlooked giving me a name. He was what Icarus Q. Downdraught, the Robert Benchley of ballooning, called "the mile-high male chauvinist." A mile high and still on the ground, that was Hughes. Walgunda took me up for a fight. Aside from one "involuntary landing," as he described it, which I made at the edge of a cow pasture, he was reassuring.

"Tame on the tether will improve her control," he told Hughes.

Back at Kobelt the following morning, my instructor tied one end of a 200-foot rope to the balloon truck, fastened the other end to the gondola and sent me aloft. I practiced "touch and go," blasting my way up and landing ever so gently, until even Hughes dubbed me "a feather on the tether." Then it was back to ground school, in preparation for my written exam. The pilot's handbook had turned out to be the best cure for my insomnia since Nytol. If my eyes grew heavy on page three of "Weather,"



the chapter on "Navigation" sent me off so fast I scarcely had time to get into bed. Hughes aged visibly as he struggled to teach me the mysteries of plotting a course. I wanted to know what good it does to plot a course when a balloon, unsteerable, travels wherever the wind carries it.

"If you can plot a course you can figure out where you are when you land."

"I've got a mouth," I said. "What's wrong with, 'Hi, there. Where am I?'"

Hughes did not reply. Instead, he handed me the plotter. "Let's say you have just left Kobelt Airbase. Wind direction is 220°, your air speed is eight miles per hour, and you have been flying for 90 minutes. Now, determine your direction, your distance and your true air speed."

Blank looks.

"Come now. Which direction is the wind coming from?"

I consulted the compass on the back of my hand computer.

"Southwest."

"Right," said Hughes, "but I don't know how you got it. You're holding the compass upside down. Keep it up and you'll never pass that test." He had the gift of prophecy.

The examination room, up a flight of depressing stairs in the ramshackle FAA building at New Jersey's Teterboro Airport, was designed for patients suffering from acute agoraphobia. There were no windows, only long tables, undentable steel-top tables and straight-back chairs. Two ladies of indeterminate age presided over an outer office. When I announced myself, the plumper of the two ladies called to her colleague, "Virginia, a hot-air balloon just walked in." Virginia left her filing and came to peer. "It used to be that we had to dust off the balloon tests," she observed.

The rest of the afternoon is hazy. The test was composed of 40 questions, including three pages of clouds. For the next three hours, examinees filed in and out, all waving plotters, and my concentration was distracted by a potential pilot next to me who produced an enormous salami and onion sandwich in the middle of the proceedings. Fumes filled the air.

"There goes the hot-air balloon," said Virginia when I left.

Backing out of the parking lot, I inserted my rented back bumper into the fender of a just-parked car, which turned

out to be the property of the president of Safair Flying Service, Inc.

"Would you believe that I just took my pilot's exam?" I said, as we exchanged greeting cards. The president of Safair laughed, even as he viewed his pleased fender. "It all goes to prove that flying is safer than driving," he said, "but what are you going to tell Avis?"

"I'll tell them I try harder," I said.

By the end of the third week I had achieved 12 hours of flying time. My landings were still too bouncy and Hughes put me back on the tether. On what was to be my last supervised flight, though I was not aware of this, we went up to 5,000 feet for a demonstration of what Hughes called a "terminal descent." I did not care much for the terminology.

"You will see that the balloon at this altitude acts, in effect, like a parachute." It did. We drifted down lazily. My control in level flight had improved tremendously. I was getting the hang of the rhythm. Except to light the burners, we never used the cruise valve that pumps heat into the balloon at a steady rate but is noisy. Hughes preferred the blast valve, which allowed for silence between blasts. People below never seemed to tire of the balloon. Wherever we flew there were upturned faces, friendly waves, cars slowing down on the highway and children dancing and chanting c'mon down, c'mon down. Sometimes we passed out balloon postcards, provided by the tycoon.

"One of these days I'm going to let you go, when I think you are in control and feeling well," Hughes told me.

I was feeling fine the following Saturday morning. The day was chilly and sunless, but the wind was surprisingly still. Good ballooning weather. Three other students turned up: Alice and Anne Megaro from New Rochelle, and Roger Kell, a student from Plainfield, N.J. who had just flunked his written FAA exam, which made him a member in good standing of our club.

"You inflate," Hughes told me. "The others will act as your ground crew." I might have known that this would be the day, but I am generally unsuspicious, with little talent for foreboding. Besides, inflation went like a charm. When the wind fan had set the fabric billowing, I cracked the cruise valve and touched the striker to the burners. Flame shot forth, heating the air. My ground crew

clung to trailing ropes, one on each side, the other at the crown. The balloon struggled to be free. At a signal, they let go. As the gondola righted itself, I got in. Hughes and Alice climbed in next. Though the Raven S-50A is designed for two, Alice and I were both lightweights. However, it took more blasting than usual, with three of us aboard, to set the gondola rocking. Our takeoff was splendid, I thought, our climb easy and gradual. I checked the speed indicator. The needle pointed to zero.

"It conked out last week," said Alice. So now none of the instruments was working, but I had learned to fly by "feel," had I not?

"Stay low," said Hughes. I took the gondola through the top of an evergreen, which bowed as we passed. I quoted:

"Like a kite

Cut from the string,

Lightly the soul of my youth

Has taken flight."

Hughes shook his head and sighed. We landed in a field on the other side of some trees. Would Alice like to take over, I inquired? But Alice, to my surprise, got out of the gondola and so did Hughes, both holding on to the sides to keep it down.

"You're on your own," said my instructor. "Take it up, fly around for about 10 minutes and then bring it down. We will follow in the truck." The truck, driven by Roger, was parked on a nearby dirt road. This then was to be my flight test, my solo. Hughes shook hands with me formally, and he and Alice stepped back.

Blasting with the same rhythm as before, I shot up and away like a rocket, headed for the clouds, unmindful of the fact that the balloon, now almost 300 pounds lighter, needed less heat. On and up, taking my "flying chariot through fields of air." A south wind was blowing me due north. Fall foliage was going away to encompass winter's browns. A dog ran around in frenzied circles. Below me now lay Wallkill Prison, a depressing fortress. "If I had the wings of an angel/Over these prison walls I would fly," I sang loudly, delighted with my own freedom.

After the prison, neatly laid-out plots of green earth, furrowed fields, a few cows and horses. Then—*zap*—everything disappeared into a gray void, as if I had been looking at a vast television set that had been turned off, the light

continues

slowly diminishing into a tiny pinpoint. Baffled, I looked around on all sides. The door to the world had been slammed shut. Ground fog, I decided, had closed in, a blanket settling over my visibility.

"If fog or poor visibility seems imminent, land immediately," the FAA booklet had advised. What about no visibility, in the twinkling of an eye? I drifted around in the nothingness, still blasting rhythmically, and pondered my predicament. Without the horizon as a guide, I knew not whether I was rising or falling, or maintaining level flight. I hoped, at the moment anyway, that I was not descending, for to land safely without visibility would call for the kind of luck only the Irish are said to have. I might come down on a highway, into water or, worst of all, into power lines, the greatest single cause of balloon fatalities. Hughes had done his work well. I was paranoid on the subject of power lines. Nervously, I kept on blasting, and suddenly the sun was shining, the sky a translucent blue. Fat, puffy clouds stretched out below me like an endless white shag carpet. I had broken through the overcast, but at the wrong end. Even I could identify these clouds—or thought I could. They were cumulonimbus—rain clouds. Pilots call them Q clouds. Sentences from my handbook, which had set me yawning, now went off in my mind like preset alarms. Airplanes entering turbulent Q clouds had even been torn apart upon encountering updrafts and downdrafts with velocities as great as 3,000 feet per minute. At all costs, I remember being told, avoid flying into Q clouds.

The sun was hot. I removed my jacket and for the next 40 minutes played a game called cloud hop. Up and down over the clouds I went, putting off the inevitable decision I would have to make: stay up and hope the clouds would suddenly part like the Red Sea, or go down, saying to any luck dispensers nearby, "Begorra, I'm Irish." I tried to think of something to sing, as the first tongues of panic licked out, but the only song that came to mind was one I had heard on the car radio that morning on the way to the airport. "I'll be your long-haired lover from Liverpool," which seemed inappropriate.

Suddenly, a hissing noise replaced the whoosh of the burners. I knew what that meant. The pilot light had gone out. Flameouts are not unusual. Wal-

gunda and I had experienced one during our flight in Butavia. You simply relight the pilot and get on with the business of flying. I applied the striker to the pilot. Nothing happened. No reassuring burst of flame, only the sibilant hissing. In order to reach the burners, I had to stand on one of the fuel tanks, reducing my leverage since my body was now involved in keeping its balance. Again and again the striker failed to ignite the pilot. When the air cooled I would begin a terminal descent, and this time the key word was terminal. Tongues of panic again, quickly quelled, but with effort.

The balloon seemed to be suspended, motionless, but this meant nothing since there is no sensation of movement in an object traveling at the speed of the wind. Hughes had told me, I remembered, not to open the cruise valve too much, which would create too strong a flow of propane that would be difficult to ignite. I turned off the cruise valve, cracked it once gently. Whoosh! A battle won. There was still the war. One fuel tank was almost empty. I had now been up for more than an hour. I switched to the full tank. Eventually, of course, I would descend when I ran out of fuel. No one had excused me from the law of gravity. It would be better, I realized, to go down in control than to wait until I had no choice. If I had to land blind, what then? It did not bear thinking about. I did not believe—correction—I almost did not believe that my life was going to end in, of all things, a red, white and blue balloon. So like her, my friends would say. She probably forgot everything I taught her, Hughes would say. I thought if I ever got down alive I just might punch Hughes in the nose. (On the contrary, Alice told me later, Hughes had said, "She is very cool, she will bring it down.")

Down and down, back into the thick, gray nothingness and still on down, until mountain peaks (or were they white clouds now turned black?) lay dead ahead. Back up I went to find a different air current that would hopefully change my direction, and found a thermal that set the balloon to spinning upward, turning ever so gently, like a merry-go-round just getting under way. Wait it out. Released by the thermal after what

seemed an eternity, I started down again, my rhythm changed to short blasts, enough to keep me aloft, not enough to gain altitude. The balloon and I, our fates intertwined, the balloon, inanimate, uncaring, and I, my heart thudding, peering ever downward.

My eyes, straining, did not believe those first few lines of light, a gray blanket slowly rolling back until there below me, the earth, emerging wondrously, in an instant of realization, a panorama of color, its greens, golds, blues and browns filling my eyes. I was down, out of the overcast. Not ripped to shreds. There was no ground fog. There never had been. I had passed through a low, 1,500-foot ceiling, mistaking it for fog. Now I was down, but not quite. There was still the business of landing. We sailed along, my balloon and I, over a golf course. Directly below me, a four, some concentrated on one man's putt. I gave them a friendly blast. No one even looked up. Incredible. The only calm man in the world, I am convinced, should the Bomb ever be dropped, will be the man on a golf course, putting. I considered landing on the course, decided against it. "Try not to land anywhere where property may be damaged, or people incensed," my instructor had said. I forgot that he had also said, "In emergencies, no rules apply." The golf course vanished behind me. Now that I had a horizon against which to measure my flight, I could see that the balloon was traveling fast, much too fast. The wind had come up during my two-hour ordeal. Fields over which I passed were relatively small, near access roads ringed with power lines. I tried to go down in a pasture. The wind tore at the gondola, rocking it so violently I was thrown to the floor. We almost crashed into a cow.

Up and over to the next field, but with my fuel almost gone there was not enough weight in the gondola to keep us down. The air currents were strongest near the ground, bouncing me about like a Raggedy Ann doll, with no time or balance to reach the crown rope that would deflate the envelope. "One more time," I said aloud, exerting all my strength, or what was left of it, to keep the maneuvering vent open, and down we went. The balloon touched ground momentarily, lurched and dragged and bounced again toward power lines.

I looked at the approaching lines, fascinated, thinking how they stretched across the horizon, sheet music without the notes. With the burners on full, we barely cleared them. I sailed over a ranch house. The farmer and his wife below waved. I did not wave back or drop a postcard. Over a highway and into trees on a gust of wind that almost took me above them, but not quite. There was a sound of ripping as branches caught at the fabric. Straight ahead was the gray, twisted skeleton of a dead pine tree. Its sharp, needless branches reached for me. You win, I said silently, and sat down on the floor of the gondola, forgetting to remove my right hand, which was gripping the edge. I braced myself for the crash. It came.

The gondola shuddered to a stop. It was perched on a dead branch of the pine tree about 70 feet above the ground. The wounded envelope had deflated and lay tangled across three trees. The fingers I had left exposed were badly cut and numb, but I was still in one piece, dazed and exhausted but thankful, almost happy. There was a sound of crackling overhead. I looked up. The tree was on fire, the flames fed by the balloon's burners. The end of a perfect morning. Hastily, I turned off the fuel. Should sparks reach the fuel tanks, I would go out, not with a whimper, but a bang.

I decided to leave the gondola, fed up with it anyway, and crawled out. The fire, with no further encouragement from the burners, went out gradually. The first three branches on which I tried to find a foothold snapped off. The fourth, about a foot long, held.

"Help!" I called once, without much conviction.

"Cheep!" answered a bird from a nearby tree.

"Shut up," I replied, feeling as absurd in his home as he might have felt in my living room.

Help came from a motorist who had slowed down to watch my erratic progress into the woods. When the balloon failed to emerge, he had decided to investigate. I heard him crashing through the underbrush, and called out to direct him.

"My name is Clayton Barkman," he shouted up to me, introducing himself formally, like a man arriving for a social function that was unexpectedly being held in the top of a tree. He went off to

get more help. I trusted he would not be gone too long. My perch was precarious, and my injured hand, useless for hanging on, was beginning to protest. Mr. Barkman moved with dispatch, and soon the woods were full of saviors and merry-makers. A siren wailed, and the Greenville Rescue Squad, done up in white jumpsuits, came hurtling through the woods in an ambulance. The local fire chief, who happened also to be a telephone repairman, ordered lumber and a power saw and started up a neighboring tree, also dead, with crampons on his boots, a lineman's belt around his waist. More sirens, bringing the state police in cowboy Stetsons. Housewives came, accompanied by children, and gaped upward. Men in lumberjack shirts gave advice. With the red, white and blue canopy of the balloon stretched overhead, the thing began to have the feel of a small but lively Fourth of July celebration.

Fire Chief Bob Carl threw me a rope with instructions to lash myself to the tree in case the branch holding me so reluctantly should snap. Another rescuer, Ronnie Bauman, began to climb the tree in which I was perched. More firemen, or volunteers, appeared and spread a circular net directly below me. They held it chin high. Looking down, I saw mostly ears jutting out from heads. They looked like teacups arranged around a table.

"Jump! Jump!" called the children, bloodthirsty little savages.

"What were you doing in that balloon all alone?" asked Bob Carl, as he made his way upward, hand over hand.

"I was taking my flight test."

"I would say offhand you flunked," he said, viewing the wreckage above me. My feet were going to sleep.

The lumber arrived in due course, was sawed into two-by-six planks and roped up, plank by plank, to Carl and Bauman, who nailed them to my tree and an adjoining one.

"Keep talking," said Carl, "so I'll know if you faint." I would not dream of fainting at a height of 70 feet.

"Where am I?" I asked. The FAA will forgive me, I hope, for not getting out my map and plotting my course.

"This is Greenville, about 25 miles from Albany," said Carl. That meant, at roughly 25 miles per hour, I had traveled some 50 miles from my point of departure. Even Hughes had never gone

more than 31 miles in a single flight. I had probably set a distance record for a solo test. I might even be eligible for *Ballooning* magazine's "lead balloon" award at the end of the year, an honor given to the balloonist who makes the worst landing.

"What is the population of Greenville?" I asked, thinking it wise to keep up the chatter.

"Just look down and count. We're all here," said Carl. "Keep talking."

"I'm embarrassed to cause you all so much trouble," I ventured. It had been a two-hour wait for the people below. Carl laughed. "We haven't had so much excitement since the last bear was spotted," he said. Finally the ladder was ready, and, leaning against Ronnie Bauman, I crept down, plank by plank. When I reached the last plank there was still 30 feet to go.

"Want to jump?" asked Carl. The children looked expectant. The teacups around the net braced themselves. I looked down into a vast sea of upturned faces.

"I don't think so," I said. Carl and Bauman made rope slings, one for around each leg and another around my body and under the armpits. Carl lowered me, dangling, to the ground. As I touched down, a cheer went up.

It took Hughes two days to get the balloon out of the tree, after which it was sent to Raven headquarters in South Dakota to have its fabric stitched. I was taken off to a hospital in Catskill, N.Y. I don't know how many stitches the balloon required. I got 24.

I did not, after all, pilot a balloon in the race at Highland, but I may go on to get my license anyway, if I can ever pass the written exam and if the tycoon can weather another of my flight tests. There is much to be settled between me and the balloon.

"There will be no more solos for a while," said Hughes, who arrived in Greenville as I was being dangled down on a rope. There was some talk by the state police about issuing me a parking ticket, but no one knew exactly how to write it up, and it has never arrived.

"The next time," said the tycoon, when we got together later, "we'll track you like Apollo, supply you with a portable telephone, and have you followed by helicopter."

In the meantime, I've been grounded. It's the only way to fly.

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 2-8

PRO HOCKEY—NBA The Los Angeles Lakers did not lose three straight games during the entire 1971-72 season, but last week was a rocky one for the Pacific Division leader when it dropped its third in a row—a 99-92 decision at Milwaukee. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar scored 33 of his 37 points in the fourth quarter. The first of the Lakers' defeats was to Golden State, which continued to out-rush their lead. The Warriors held a six-game winning streak, matching their longest of the season. Fanny Fildes of the Lakers was 111-79 lower as First Western came off the Warriors bench to set new league highs. M4 students and Chicago returned 1-3 in the night. The Bulls had their five-game victory streak ended by Phoenix 126-113 at Dick Van Arsdale led 18 for the Suns. In the Atlantic Division, New York continued its five-game win by defeating the Rockets 116-106 behind Walt Frazier's 17 points, nine assists and 14 rebounds. The Knicks have won 16 straight at Madison Square Garden and all but one of 24 games. Baltimore held a four-game edge in the last column over Atlanta in the Central Division. The top individual performance was a career-high 31 points by Spencer Haywood as Seattle beat the Kings 107-100.

ABA Nothing could be fiercer than the way Cassius has been playing of late. The Cougars continued to stretch their lead in the East Division, meeting their winning streak to nine games with a 108-104 triumph at Dallas. Billy Cunningham's two free throws in the last 20 seconds secured the victory for Cassius. Cunningham finished with 30 points. Utah, the West Division leader, blew a 26-point lead against Indiana and had to come from behind in the fourth quarter to win 127-111. Jerry Jones, who had just four points in the first three periods, netted 13 in the last quarter. George McJannet of the Pacers led a game-high 28 points. Virginia played and gained on second-half Kentucky in the East with a 112-109 triumph. John Irving scored 34 points, including four in the last minute, and pulled down 18 rebounds. Kentucky's Lou Dierker became a 22,000-point career scorer when he hit his 2,000th in the first quarter en route to a 21-point effort.

BOWLING—ALLIE CLARKE won the San Jose Open first prize of \$7,500 with a 203-201 victory over Don Johnson in the final game.

BOWLING Heavyweight **JERRY QUARRY** ended a six-month retirement by winning a technical knockout in the seventh round over Randy Newman at Madison Square Garden.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL The **SOUTHERN** rose and won two of three postgame All-Star games. At Mobile the South took a 33-30 victory over the North in the Senior Bowl at Chuck Foreman of Miami was

named the Most Valuable Player. In the Hula Bowl at Honolulu, the South clinched through rain and mud for a 17-3 win. The **NORTH** gained a 10-6 win in the American Bowl at Tampa.

GOLF—Carding a final round 69, **BOB FUNNETH** won the Glen Campbell Los Angeles Open at the Rancho Country Club with a 72-hole total of 276 (page 12).

HOCKEY—NHL While Chicago was pulling away from Minnesota in the West Division (page 70), Montreal regained first place in the East by defeating California 5-0 as Guy Lafleur scored twice and Ken Dryden posted his fourth shutout. Dryden also captured fourth-half honors for the Varsity Trophy awarded to the leading goaltender and returned a \$150 bonus. Entry at the web hockey Orr of the second-place Bruins tied an NHL defenseman record of an assist in an 8-2 triumph over Vancouver. Phil Esposito had his first shutout as the New York Rangers moved into a third-place tie with the Rangers by scoring all six goals in the final period to beat New York 4-1. Thus far the Senators are undefeated in their home state, not losing in 20 straight home games and never won all seven contests against the Rangers and the Islanders. In the West, Colorado scored six goals in the third period and blanked Vancouver 11-3. Paul Lafleur, hero of the Golden Seals, won a team record with four goals, two in the last period.

WHA The new league held its first All-Star game in the 10,000-seat Quebec Coliseum and managed to draw only 4,991 fans. The East defeated the West 6-2 as John McKenzie of Philadelphia broke a 4-1 tie with a goal in the second period to put the East ahead for good. Larry Pless and Jim Dwyer, both of New England, also scored in the second period for the winners. Gerry Odierewski and Penny Hall scored the West goals. One of the last All-Stars, Ron Williams of New York, pulled out on a one-on-one show against Odierewski earlier in the week. Following a near-gamut scoring drought, West netted a WHA-record five goals and one assist as a 9-4 win over the Nationals. He ran his season totals to 33 goals and his assist to 18, going from 69 points, one more than number one Larry Pless of the Whalers. New England remained the leader in the East and Winnipeg held the top spot in the West.

WRESTLING—The 9-4-65 **GALEA**, **EVIL** INC. **YENTON** (53-68) won his fifth title in seven years by taking the \$14,999 **Hogwyt** Stake at Bowie. Vince Bonaiuto Jr. rode the winner over the seven finalists in 1-25.

WRESTLING—A 10-year-old French girl **PATRICIA FENNEL**, won a World Cup Malm for turning

in a 54-48-second clocking on her second run down Petrus Mountain in Yugoslavia. After a first run of 62.86 seconds on the 380-meter, 57-gate course, she was in third place.

JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY of France won his first professional title as first prize money by defeating Michel Mide in the final round of the \$2,500 first prize at Miami Beach, N.Y.

TENNIS—**JOHN NEWCOMBE**, with the Australian National singles title for the first time with a 6-3, 6-7, 7-5, 6-3 victory over Tony Pan of New Zealand. **MARGARET COURT** won her 11th Australian singles trophy beating Evonne Goolbsong 6-4, 7-5.

WRESTLING—**ELIQUIS** by **HERVE FILION**, the world record for harness racing victories in a season. His 50th race at Dover (Del.) Downs. **SCARF**, an head football coach at Utah State, **PHIL KRUEGER**, a former assistant coach at Illinois.

PURCHASED by the Dallas Cowboys, which owns the Atlanta Hawks and Atlanta Braves, the **ATLANTA CHIEFS** of the North American Soccer League.

REJECTED by Penn State Coach **JOE PATERNI**, a 31-year-old, six-year contract to become coach at Cornell University of the New England Patriots.

RESIGNED Football Coach **DAWAYNE (Dewey) KING**, who had one year remaining on a three-year contract at San Jose State.

SOLD To a 12-man team headed by Michael Bort, president of the team, and George M. Steinbrenner III of Cleveland, the **NEW YORK YANKEES**, 30 CFB for \$10 million cash.

SWITCHED To Brown University, as head football coach, **JOHN ANDERSON**, after an 8-9 season in Middlebury.

SWITCHED From head football coach at Temple to Iowa State, **EARLE BRUCE**, succeeding John Mauts, who moved to Pittsburgh.

DIED **DR. EARL THOMAS**, 71, athletic director at Temple University from 1923 to 1952, in Philadelphia.

DIED **CHRISTOPHER T. CHENEY**, 64, founder of Mendocino State, a school produced River Road, Sacramento and Folsom, after a long illness, in New Rochelle, N.Y.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD

CREED CARTER BADGER, 12, a seventh-grader at Emmaus (Pa.) Junior High, was three Grand Championship awards in home shows in 1972. He also took blue ribbons in two AHSA medal classes and won Year End awards in both 1971 and 1972.

PAUL RICE, a sophomore halfback at Lewisville High, rushed for 2,359 yards in Texas State AAA competition. He also returned kicks and punts and caught passes for another 700 yards and scored 36 touchdowns, including three in the state title game.

JACQUELINE YETTER, 8, of Little Rock, won seven gold medals in a swimming meet at the University of Arkansas. Five of the medals came in age 8-and-under individual events and she added two more in relays. She has been competing only one year.

PHIL POWELL and TOM MARTIN, football players at Franklin College in Franklin, Ind., formed one of the top pass-catch combinations in the nation. Powell, a senior whose number was retired at the end of the season, threw 39 touchdowns a pass and totaled 4,571 yards. He completed 54% of his passes and holds every passing record in the school's history. His primary receiver this year was Martin, a sophomore who caught 63 passes for 797 yards and four touchdowns. Both players were NAIA District 21 All-Star selections.

CHUCK EDWARDS, of Port Townsend, Wash., won four major boxing titles for boys age 11 and younger in 1972. He won the Washington State Junior Golden Gloves 80-pound crown and posted a 19-4 record. He also won the Northwest Junior championship.

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For other magazines, the months of October, November and December represent the end of the year.

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Readers have been writing in from all over the country. Telling us how nice it is to have a magazine they not only read for pleasure, but use for profit.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN

Sirs:

I can't believe it. You blew the whole ball of wax in an Olympic year by naming John Who and Mrs. Women's Liberation as Sportsman and Sportswoman of the Year (Dec. 25). And you did not enclose a couple of Alka-Seltzer tablets with each copy of your magazine to make it digestible for true sports fans. But those of us who follow sports realize that you could not really be serious, that it was just your way of slipping us an early April Fool for our 1972 Christmas present.

I think that on April 1 you should publish the true 1972 Sportsman and Sportswoman. The man would have to be Dan Gable, as he is the greatest winner since Bill Russell. And how about either Shure Gould or Olga Korbut (my choice) for Sportswoman of the Year? Billie Jean King? Ho, ho, ho!

George Allen says the name of the game is defense and concentration. You were strictly offensive.

PAUL DALRYMPLE

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

We feel that the naming of John Wooden as Sportsman of the Year has to be considered one of the great blunders of all time. While it is true that Coach Wooden deserves sizable recognition for his great accomplishments at UCLA, we are unable to understand how you can honor him instead of the other greats, Bobby Fischer and Mark Spitz, who by themselves brought pride and prestige to the United States with their unprecedented achievements, and Jack Nicklaus, Wilt Chamberlain and Steve Carlton, who dominated their respective sports throughout the year.

Carlton, for example, had absolutely no assistance in attaining his glory with the hapless Philadelphia Phillies. Wooden, however, has had the tools necessary to win six straight NCAA championships (Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Sidney Wicks, Henry Bibby and Bill Walton). Surely, Wooden is our unanimous choice for Coach of the Year, but for Sportsman of the Year the others must definitely be considered first.

We do, however, agree with your selection of Billie Jean King as Sportswoman of the Year. Her actions both on and off the tennis court make her very worthy of this coveted honor.

KEN PASARELLA
TOM SMITH
PAT SMITH

Salt Lake City

Sirs:

You jest. Only one person deserved to be named Sportsman of the Year: Mark Spitz. No one else came close.

KARIN WALSH

State College, Pa.

Sirs:

My compliments on the best possible selection of Sportsman of the Year. I have been an avid reader of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for quite a while and always hoped that you would recognize the greatest feat ever to be accomplished by an amateur coach and team.

There are hundreds of colleges in the U.S. today, yet John Wooden has won six straight basketball championships. This record is one of the most remarkable accomplishments in sports history. Mr. Wooden deserves to be ranked with the immortals.

Many sports fans will be disappointed that Mark Spitz, Wilt Chamberlain, Steve Carlton, Larry Brown or Joe Namath did not receive the award, but we all must look back. None of these has excelled as continuously as John Wooden.

Congratulations on making an outstanding choice of Sportsman of the Year.

BILL WHELAN

Pottsville, Pa.

Sirs:

I want to congratulate you on your selection of Sportsman of the Year. As usual, it will probably evoke a lot of controversy, and, to be honest, I am embarrassed that your very logical choice never entered my mind. I believe all too often we think only of the performer in sports, and it is gratifying to see Mr. Wooden recognized as a sportsman, which, for me, encompasses much more than winning medals or being late for a chess match.

GARY C. HUESTED

Lawton, Okla.

Sirs:

Few people can seriously dispute your selection of UCLA Basketball Coach John Wooden as Sportsman of the Year, even considering such celebrated performers as Mark Spitz and Bobby Fischer. Not only has Mr. Wooden forged an incomparable record in sports history, he also has distinguished himself as a most honorable and modest gentleman. His selection undoubtedly adds dignity and prestige to your award and serves to differentiate it from Athlete of the Year designations by others.

DICKIE KAY

New Orleans

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19TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

I applaud the excellence of your coverage of the Sportsman and Sportswoman of the Year. I admire Billie Jean King for her work in advancing the game of tennis and John Wooden for his remarkable coaching record at UCLA. I can't think of two more deserving people to receive your 1972 award.

ELAINE KO

Richland, Wash.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sirs:

It is a good thing you had Billie Jean King and John Wooden as choices for leading sports figures of the year. Otherwise you would have had no other choice than Bill Gilbert, whose article *Gleanings from a Troubled Time* (Dec. 25) showed so much insight into what is really happening in sports. He must surely receive SI's Heaviest Article of the Year award.

SPANK MARRIOTT

Ridgefield, Conn.

Sirs:

Bill Gilbert's article typifies the kind of literary work that makes SI the finest sports magazine available today. Gilbert's application of the Instrument-Institution theory to sports was an interesting analysis of Big Sport in terms of human organizations and the society of which they are a part. Many will not agree with Gilbert's provocative thesis; yet it will be difficult to deny that he has done an effective job of capitalizing the events and trends that have made 1972 a troubled year.

JACK BERGSTROM

Elmira, N.Y.

Sirs:

Those iconoclastic conclusions of Bill Gilbert are not a prescriptive but a prescriptive analysis of the problems troubling sport. Even more, the article is an example of the maoist journalism that permeates our society today. Gilbert seemingly takes joy in writing that we Americans are winners when we lose. If he is referring to those decisions at the Olympics which cost our swimmers and boxers medals they deserved and our basketball team the medal it deserved when officials gave the opposition a second chance to win, then I can understand our athletes whining. What Gilbert labels whining I call rightful dissent against an international system, dominated by Iron Curtain countries, that seeks to beat Americans by hook or by crook.

ROBERT S. TIERNEY

Reston, Va.

Sirs:

Having just read your article on John Wooden and Billie Jean King, and Bill Gil-

bert's piece, I think maybe it is time for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to examine the environment in which it functions. Mr. Gilbert's terms—True Sport, High Sport and Big Sport—might be more easily understood if one subscribed to Life for Sport. The criticism of Fischer, Spitz, et al. takes on a surreal quality when one takes into account their operating environs. In a society (the world scene, not exclusively America) that in no way encourages or supports the Jack Armstrong ideal, it is absurd to think that such a figure can function. Fischer's demands, Spitz' greed, Rick Barry's peregrinations can only be honestly understood if one realizes that the spin-off effects of these people is to enhance the financial wealth of the sporting entrepreneurs who profit enormously from their performances. In a world that does not function according to a Jack Armstrong ideal of fair play and genuine honesty, the foolish expectation that the sporting heroes will do so is self-evidently nonsensical. For the sports fan, and maybe for the participants, this may be very depressing. Possibly this depression should encourage a keener, more incisive look at the wider range of human activities. Attempting to cope with sport as an exclusive entity will surely be a fruitless effort.

MARTIN MAGID

San Francisco

Sirs:

Please accept my thanks for Bill Gilbert's article. Seldom will one read a more perceptive, provocative one. I wish only that it could be required reading for every self-proclaimed True Sportsman. Bravo!

CHARLES A. GERLOCK

Lancaster, N.Y.

Sirs:

Here's hoping those involved in Big Sport glean some insight from your article. How do I get a dozen reprints?

HUGHSON B. SCATTERGOOD

Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

AN ARTIST'S REAPITE

Sirs:

This letter is prompted by the marvelous piece that Frank Sleeper and Robert Cantwell wrote on Winslow Homer (*Odyssey of an Angler*, Dec. 25). However, I have wanted to write you for quite some time anyway to tell you how very much I enjoy your magazine. Subsisting on a fairly heavy magazine diet consisting of such intoxicating journals as *The New York Review of Books*, *The Atlantic*, *Foreign Affairs*, etc. I decided to lighten the load a bit by subscribing to SI. It has been almost a year now, and I must confess that it is your magazine I most look forward to receiving. Not simply because of the superb sports coverage, but also because of outstanding works like

continued

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In nine out of ten cases, Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers are making it happen.

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The service report card is one of the ways these dealers listen better. It's a customer's way of grading the work done on his car. It's the dealer's way of finding out what he's doing right—and what needs to be improved.

But the results show that he's doing a lot right.

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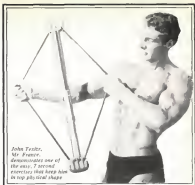
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WHEN WERE YOU LAST REALLY FIT?

AN EXPERT TELLS YOU HOW TO GET BACK IN SHAPE.

Even if you're not particularly interested in building human muscles, you owe it to yourself to keep your body fit. It's a sad fact of today's life that many men ignore this point and end up regretting it when they find they've become "old men" long before their time. Thanks to modern exercising techniques, "keeping fit" is now easier than ever. John Texier, Mr. France and leading fitness specialist tells you how.



John Texier, Mr. France, demonstrates one of the easy, 7 second exercises that keep him in top physical shape.

Q. What does fitness mean?

A. For normally healthy people, fitness is a simple matter of maintaining muscle tone through exercise. In other words—using your muscles often enough and hard enough to keep them healthy and trim.

Q. How does lack of fitness show up?

A. The answer depends on how old you are. If you're still in your teens or early twenties, it's largely a matter of physical development. Young men with pipe-stem arms, caved-in chests, drooping shoulders or bird-like legs aren't fit. When you're a little older the first signs are usually a roll of fat around the middle and a lack of pep and energy. After 40, the whole body tends to become flabby.

Q. Can sports keep me fit?

A. Yes, indeed, if practiced regularly and for long enough periods. Swimming, jogging, gymnastics, tennis, handball, squash, sking can all help keep you in top condition provided you practice the sport for at least an hour three or four days a week—every week.

Q. Isn't there an easier way?

A. Yes, there's an outstanding home training method which I use and recommend. It's fast, easy and guaranteed to give results.

Q. What's it called?

A. Bullworker training. It's based on isometric techniques which have been proven to increase strength three times faster than sports or conventional calisthenics. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system on the market today.

Q. How long does it take?

A. The 7-exercise introductory program requires only 70 seconds of exercise per day. The complete advanced training program takes about 5 minutes.

Q. When do the results start?

A. Right from the very first day. The Bullworker is fitted with a built-in measuring device which shows you exactly how much progress you make every day. And the results can be very impressive—up to 4% more strength

per week, up to 50% improvement in the first three months. I've seen many men go on to double and even triple their strength.

Q. How long does it take to see visible results?

A. From 10 days to three weeks depending on how well you train and how regularly. Each new week brings even more impressive results.

Built-in Powermeter

You can actually measure your musclepower g-r-a-d-e from the very first day.



Q. Isn't it hard work, isn't it?

A. Not at all. The whole point of Bometrics is that by "exercising" for only 7 seconds at a time, you avoid the excess muscle strain and fatigue of "crash" training programs which often do more harm than good. Bullworker training is geared to each user's personal potential.

Q. Is there an age limit?

A. Generally speaking, men between 15 and 65 in good gen-

eral health can expect to benefit from fitness and strength building training. Young men should use Bullworker to improve their muscular development; broad, powerful shoulders—rippling biceps—a deep, manly chest tapering down to a slim waist and hips supported by muscular, contoured thighs and calves.

Men in their thirties should use Bullworker to maintain peak physical form and for toning up the muscles of their abdomens, chest, shoulders and upper arms. After 2 or 3 weeks you'll probably see muscles you didn't even know you had.

From 45 on, Bullworker should be used to regain and maintain a youthful vigorous body that belies the passing years. I've seen lots of Bullworker users in their fifties with more energy, power, and vigor than many younger men.

Q. How can I find out more about the Bullworker and perhaps actually try it out?

A. I understand that the American distributor is now offering the Bullworker on a two-week free home trial basis in order to give as many men as possible a chance to prove to themselves what an outstanding fitness trainer it is. If you're interested in getting back into shape fast, I've arranged you contact the distributor for full details.



John France shows how he increased his biceps by 1". Sliced one his chest by 4". His thighs by 1 1/2" in just a few weeks of Bullworker training.

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